# The Freeman

Vol. VII. No. 179.

NEW YORK, 15 AUGUST, 1923

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highly fantastic. Mr. Chesterton once remarked that Jews may roughly be divided into two classes, good and bad, just like the rest of us; but, generally speaking, in the case of the Jews, one could distinguish a sheep from a goat by the label, for the bad Jew called himself Montmorenci Delatour, while the good Jew was named Isaac Jacobs. Whenever one of Mr. Ford's inurbanities about the Jews comes under our eye, we recall Mr. Chesterton's words and wonder if, perhaps in some crucial moment, a sharp gentleman named Montmorenci Delatour may have put it over Mr. Ford in a humiliating and expensive manner. However that may be, we are willing to welcome Henry Ford's valuable contributions to civic good sense, and leave his strictures against the race of Abraham to the psycho-analysts.

#### CURRENT COMMENT.

It is clear from his interview, as printed in Collier's from the pen of that painstaking reporter, Mr. Charles W. Wood, that Henry Ford has no intention of shying his hat into the political ring, but will keep it on a hook in his factory. "I've got a job now-my kind of job," remarked Mr. Ford, with an air of finality. However, Mr. Ford appears to have made a more than cursory observation of the conduct of government, and as a shrewd industrial manager, and possibly also as our largest individual taxpayer, he is appalled at its waste and inefficiency. "Politically we not only keep all the old truck around, but we make it sacred," he declared. "We speak in awe of 'our form of government,' and even pass laws making it a crime to criticize it. Efficient service demands that we get rid of things that have outlived their usefulness. If the Government doesn't do this, the Government will go down." Plain-spoken common sense of this character is like apples of gold, and Mr. Ford renders his countrymen a great service by giving it circulation.

In his more specific political references it seems to us that Mr. Ford was equally happy. "The tariff," he remarked, "is a joke, but it is apt to hang on, to the detriment of both America and foreign countries, until the people learn that special privileges do not pay." Of the shipsubsidy he said: "Giving a bonus for incapacity is a brilliant procedure, provided our object is to waste money and keep the world's work from being done." Of the railways: "There should be a system in the United States, instead of the antiquated network of financial corporations which take toll along the nation's highways of to-day." When we compare these sharp diagnoses with the meaningless platitudes and the furtive evasions we are accustomed to hear from our political leaders, we find our respect for Henry's intelligence rising rapidly.

It seems odd that such a shrewd and sensible person as Henry Ford should have an obsession about the generally ornery character of the Jewish brethren. It is apparent from his interview that he attributes to their pernicious machinations many of the evils of our society; and some of his observations about the "Jew financiers" sound

THE conference between miners and operators in the anthracite field came to an end some time ago, and there are no indications that they will be resumed in time to prevent a complete tie-up of the industry, beginning I September when the present agreement expires. Citizens are therefore faced with the prospect of another winter's struggling with bituminous coal and coke in their domestic furnaces, and with occasional small lots of slate purveyed at famine-prices. The stocks mined to I September promise to come to about half of the normal demand, so that if the walk-out occurs, the small wage-earner with a small home can count on burning up an appreciable proportion of his wages in his furnace during the frigid months. The investigatory commission for the coal-industry has no jurisdiction in this emergency, and apparently all the public can do is to offer prayers that the warring factions of production will be moved by a sense of common decency to get their differences adjusted in time to keep their fellow-citizens from hardship and suffering.

THE split in the coal-conferences came over the application of the check-off system; a device, as we understand it, whereby the operators are compelled to withhold a proportion of the wages of the workers to be turned over as dues to the labour-organization. This is a matter of technique, and as a point of dispute it seems to us a disreputably small excuse for holding up the industry and subjecting a good part of the population of the country to discomfort. Probably it is the most convenient way for the organization of the workers to collect its dues; but beyond that we have not observed any valid argument for the system, and we should gladly welcome one from the trade unionist point of view. We realize that as industry is at present organized, trade unions are a co-operative necessity for the protection of the workers; but we can not help observing that the progress of the trade unions is constantly handicapped by the near-sighted preoccupation with securing some immediate tactical advantage which is of little or no permanent value to their constituents.

MR. BALDWIN'S diplomatic labours with M. Poincaré turned out precisely as we expected. The French Premier simply took no notice of them, thus administering to the British Government a most severe and discourteous rebuff. M. Poincaré is well aware that England as well as Germany is being rapidly weakened by his marauding adventures, and one can easily see why he is not unwilling to have it so. One fact is clearer now, perhaps, than it was when we called attention to it some weeks ago—that it is utterly vain for Germany any longer to keep her eyes fixed on England and the United States in the hope of help or encouragement. She has long looked towards England as a possible friend in need, but what can England do for Germany? Indeed, what can she do for herself in face of the downright insults which M. Poincaré has lately put upon her?

THE question is well answered by a London correspondent in the New York World of 5 August. What he says has sense in it. "Short of war, there is no way to coerce France." he observes. "War is unthinkable, for the sufficient reason that nobody here would fight." As for calling on France to pay her debt, "France would reply politely that she will pay out of the proceeds of the German indemnity. The franc no doubt would go down; but France is self-sufficing." As for the suggestion that England should arm Germany, "Long before Germany was 'armed' sufficiently to resist one French army corps, the French army would hold Berlin and every German port. What could England do then?" The correspondent sanely concludes, "It all comes down to French willingness to compromise. . . . France is not bluffing." It is a pleasure to get hold of a dispatch written by a man willing to face facts. The pleasure was an unearthly long time coming, but at last we have it.

Mr. Baldwin can write a separate note to Germany, accepting Mr. Hughes's suggestion of an international inquiry into the indemnity, but that is all he can do; and it is about equivalent to offering Germany his kind regards and best wishes. Nor can the United States do any more. An English publicist, in the same issue of the World, says that if American opinion should back up Mr. Baldwin in sending such a note, "the moral effect on the situation would be overwhelming." Fiddlesticks! What moral effect would American opinion have on a politician in M. Poincaré's position? Let this eminent publicist imagine himself for a moment in M. Poincaré's place, and then say what moral effect it would have upon him.

THAT is the trouble with our British cousins who are for ever insisting that we ought to keep following them around and cleaning up after them-they never tell us specifically what they think we ought to do. effect" is bosh; M. Poincaré has a self-sustaining country solidly behind him, he has command of the air, and for all essential purposes, command of the sea. He has also a much bigger and better army than William II had in his palmiest days, and they do say that William's army needed a tidy deal of larruping. He has alliances, too, which give him control of satellite armies that are strong enough to be worth thinking about. What could America do? If we demanded our debt, M. Poincaré would slap his pockets and tell us to come over and collect it. What then? We could not put him under economic pressure, for France is self-supporting. We could declare war, but who would fight? This paper is strictly non-interventionist, but if we were ever so deeply enlisted on the interventionist side, we should be utterly at a loss to know what practical steps to recommend.

'Way back in 1853, Richard Cobden told the House of Commons what he thought about British rule in India, which happens to be just what we think about it now. He said: "I do not think, for the interest of the English people any more than for the people of India, that we

should govern them permanently. . . . I see no benefit which can arise to the mass of English people from connexion with India, except that which may arise from honest trade." This statement of Cobden's is as true to-day as it was seventy years ago, and British rule is still maintained in India for the same reason that it was first established there—not because the masses of the English people have profited by its maintenance, but because the British Government is controlled in its imperialist policy by a class of people who do profit by imperialism.

IF imperialist expansion still continues, it will not be because the people of the imperialist States are pushing their own interests at the expense of the darker races, but for precisely the opposite reason—that the Western peoples have not discovered their proper interests and insisted upon their satisfaction. The situation will not remedy itself; the solution has not worked itself out automatically in the case of Great Britain, and from all the evidence at hand, we should say that the complications are increasing in our own case day by day. For example, what possible advantage can there be for our people in the tightening of America's hold upon Cuba? The question can not be answered convincingly by the most eager of imperialists, much less by the generality of the people; and yet American interference is being pushed so vigorously that the Congress of Cuba has just been moved to vehement protest. The holders of Cuban bonds, and the owners of Cuban plantations are well served by Washington, but what are the rest of us getting that we could not get much more easily by a fair and free exchange of American manufactures for the food-products of the island? What more are we getting, really, except perhaps the opportunity to pay, pro rata, for another military occupation?

ONE of Mr. Hoover's food-distributors has returned home to express considerable alarm lest the Communist leaders in Moscow effect the overthrow of American institutions. He asserts that the Russians are working zealously to this end, and that when the heads of the Soviet Government assure distinguished American visitors that they desire only peace and trade, they are speaking with their tongues in their cheeks, with the purpose of lulling us into a false sense of security. Observations of this sort are not new; in fact, they have become rather shabby from over-use.

In contrast we have just received a paper prepared for the faithful by Mr. Trotzky, in which he attempts to appraise general political conditions. In Europe he reasons that economic chaos has brought upon the masses an attendant disillusionment with the old forms of society, and he is hopeful that this may take the form of a trend towards the Communist idea. He sees the possibility that in due course Continental Europe may be organized for production on a collectivist model, with free trade and the abolition of nationalist frontiers. "The United States of Europe," is the new slogan he offers to his followers. In considering our own United States, however, he sees no such transformation. Our present system creaks here and there, but it is still a prosperous going concern. "We are obliged to peer into the mists of years to perceive the American Revolution," he declares. We suspect that Mr. Trotzky is a somewhat shrewder and more experienced observer than Mr. Hoover's hysterical representative, and we see no reason why the most arrant bourgeois should lose any sleep over the matter.

IF we are to accept the testimony of the President of Williams College, we must believe that in the latitude of Williamstown it is possible to gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles. At the opening session of the round-

table conference on Russia, at the Institute of Politics, President Garfield remarked that what the conferees wanted was the truth; but since it happened that Mr. Boris Bakhmetiev had already been put in charge of the conference, it is hard to believe that Mr. Garfield meant all that he said. Indeed it appears to us just a bit disingenuous to secure oneself in so far as possible against the revelation of the truth, and then to pray publicly that the truth may prevail.

A SPLENDID example of Mr. Bakhmetiev's veracity is his statement, at the Institute, that the refusal of the peasants to produce under the requisition-system was the cause of the famine of 1921! If the Institute had no stomach for this sort of thing, and wanted even an approximation to the truth in regard to Russia, it might at least have arranged for a piece of special pleading in behalf of the Soviet, as an offset to Mr. Bakhmetiev's interested attack upon this system. As an alternative, it might have enlisted the services of some such temperate and wellinformed person as Professor Edward Alsworth Ross, or Mr. Arthur Ransome, or Mr. A. C. Freeman; but unless President Garfield has more than the power of Moses, he will hardly be able to strike forth the waters of truth from the stone upon which he is now playing his tattoo.

THE Russian correspondence-bureau in Berlin has made public a paper on co-operation, written by Lenin, apparently prepared during an interval in his illness, in which he lays particular emphasis on the necessity for fostering co-operative organization among the peasants. In a political and economic sense, he declares, the way has been paved for this all-important step in the reorganization of Russia. In considering how co-operation is to be accomplished, the Soviet leader characteristically does not call for a neat pattern of new laws. He perceives that real co-operation among the peasantry can not be secured by legislative fiat, but only through the spread of intelligence. "The attainment of these conditions of complete co-operation," he says, "assumes such a state of culture among the peasantry that this co-operation is impossible without a cultural revolution. . . . For us the political and social revolution was merely the forerunner of that cultural revolution on whose threshold we are still standing." Even in that dark period when Russia starved within a ring of hostile armies, and it seemed doubtful if anything of the new order could survive, Lenin never permitted his vision to be deflected from the fact that the revolution must prove itself eventually by production and education. Perhaps the time is approaching when his ambitious programme can be carried through.

In this connexion it is interesting to note the report that the second All-Russian Congress for the liquidation of illiteracy attracted delegates to Moscow from every part of Russia, and plans were drawn up to assure that by November, 1927, the tenth anniversary of the revolution, "there shall be no inhabitant of the Soviet republics, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, who can not read and write." The educational work will be carried on through the trades unions, youths' associations, and rural organizations. According to the official statistics, one-half of the working population of Russia is still illiterate. The proportion of illiteracy in the rural districts is three times that in the towns. During the past two years of famine, the central Government has been compelled to pare down its educational appropriations to a pitiable degree. Now that easier times have come, the agitation for widespread educational facilities has been renewed with great vigour, and it is one of the healthiest symptoms of the new Russia.

A RECENT dispatch from Mexico City exhibits certain facts which may perhaps bear some relation to the persistent attempts of Mr. Hearst's papers to bring on a crisis in the relations between the Mexican Government and our own. According to the correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, the holdings of Mr. Hearst in northern Mexico amount to a round million acres. As the largest landowner in the country, Mr. Hearst was bound sooner or later to feel the effects of the current repartition; and now, apparently, his time has come. His manager has been in conference with the officials at Mexico City, and the Government at Washington is in receipt of a formal protest against the partition of the publisher's imperial domain. The time is ripe for a vigorous interventionist campaign in the Hearst journals; but before our people get all fired up with patriotism, they ought at least to consider what they are being asked to fight for.

THE Republican barkers frequently tell us that the high tariff has nothing to do with famine-prices for sugar, and in explanation they offer portentous vacuities about the laws of supply and demand. A recent incident at the port of New York serves as a pertinent comment on their With sugar around nine cents a pound divagations. wholesale in New York, the planters of Java and Peru were moved to let some of their product slip into our golden market. They are willing to offer their sugars at this port, with freight-charges paid, at four and a half cents a pound. If there were no duty, this would immediately serve to bring prices along the Atlantic seaboard to a reasonable level. The duty, however, adds nearly three cents to the price, and so there was no great fall in quotations. The difference per pound represents simply what our general population must pay for coddling a domestic industry into a state of waste and inefficiency and for putting a premium on profiteering.

SEVENTY years ago, Karl Marx said that England, "actuated only by the vilest interests," was even then promoting in India a ruinous social upheaval which might still produce desirable results in the long run. "Can mankind fulfill its destiny," Marx asked, "without a fundamental revolution in the social state of Asia?" "It was the British intruder," he says, "who broke up the Indian hand-loom and destroyed the spinning wheel. England began with driving Indian cottons from the European market, . . . and in the end, inundated the mother-country of cotton with cotton." However, as we can see to-day, it was not Indian industry that was destroyed, but handindustry. In our own time, the industry of India is being reconstructed on a new foundation, and there is every prospect that before many years have passed, the flow of trade in cotton goods will be reversed once more, and India will export to Europe, as she did in the heyday of craftsmanship. England once "inundated the mothercountry of cotton with cotton"; but what will happen when India inundates the mother-country of factory-made goods with manufactures? The question has a more than speculative interest.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either in substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

Editors—Van Wyck Brooks, Harold Kellock, Suzanne La Follette, Francis Neilson, Albert Jay Nock and Geroid Tanquary Robinson. Published weekly by the Freeman Corporation, B. W. Huebsch, Gen'l Mgr., 116 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year postpaid: in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada. \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. London subscription representative, Dorothy Thurtle, 36 Temple Fortune Hill, N. W. 11. Copyright, 1923, by The Freeman Corporation, 15 August, 1923. Vol. VII. No. 179. Entered as second-class matter 12 March, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y.; under the act of 3 March, 1879.

#### TOPICS OF THE TIME.

#### IN MEMORIAM W. G. H.

President Harding will be remembered, as we believe he would prefer to be remembered-and as anyone who knows the values of life would prefer-by his qualities of character. One President more or fewer-well, what is it? Officeholders come in one way or another, and in one way or another they go; the fashion of this world passeth away. But the passage upon earth of a kindly, generous, amiable and simple-hearted man is an event towards which the deepest instincts of humanity always turn with becoming reverence and regard; and the more conspicuous his position, the larger is the working of those instincts. No one now thinks of Marcus Aurelius as the head of a great empire, but as one of the best of men. We have all noticed how in our day the regard for Lincoln's public character has subsided like froth, leaving the sound and permanent residuum of reverence for his essential humanity. McKinley has a sure place in the popular memory of Presidents, and so has Hayes, notwithstanding the moral eclipse of all the major public policies with which they were identified. Such a place will Mr. Harding have, we believe, and it is a desirable place, the best place, the only permanent place. It is gratifying to remember that Mr. Harding's essential humanity was such as to compel those like ourselves who were opposed to him on every point of public policy, invariably to speak well of him; and we sincerely regret his loss. The general instinct towards a public personage is seldom wrong; and we think we interpret that instinct correctly when we say that the country could have better spared an abler man, and even, in a political sense, a better man.

#### NATURAL RIGHTS.

The United States Tariff Commission is the last oracle to which this paper would naturally appeal for a confirmation of its opinions; and it is with the greater pleasure therefore that we read a report of the speech delivered by its vice-chairman, Mr. William S. Culbertson, before the Institute of Politics at Williamstown. In discussing the "problems of raw materials and foodstuffs in the commercial policies of nations," Mr. Culbertson went straight to the real causes of war. These are to be found, he said, in prosaic matters of trade and commercial expansion.

It is true that all manner of sentimental considerations figure in international quarrels, but they may be regarded as a smoke-screen used to blind the people who must make the sacrifices exacted by warfare. There would not be enough heat generated to produce these emotional explosions, the familiar tu quoque of wartime, if it were not for the friction of material interests underneath; and it is therefore a matter of plain common sense for the advocates of peace to produce a plan that will offer a place in the sun for all competitors.

It is time, in other words, to let the dreams of benevolence rest until the demands of justice have been satisfied. Peace-resolutions and appeals to brotherly love, besides being ineffectual, may be positively harmful if they satisfy the pacific inclination in minds that ought to be focussed on concrete questions of right and wrong. War, as Mr. Culbertson says, follows as a necessary sequence upon causes arising out of the processes of production, trading and financing, and peace-plans which fail to show how these processes may be

carried on amicably, are not worth the paper they are printed on. The platitudes which are the chief stock-in-trade of peace-societies are likely to produce a false security, destined to be shattered as a result of the disintegrating effect of misdirected economic rivalry.

No special insight is required to trace the course of this rivalry; though a strong sense of reality is needed to sweep aside the taboos that protect vested interests from attack. Competition among groups of business men for markets, sources of raw materials and opportunities to invest capital, grow into international disputes for the simple reason that Governments, forgetful of the rights of all the people whom they are supposed to represent, act as agents or partners of the special groups in question. A rivalry between individual traders or financiers is taken up by diplomat and statesman, who work in devious ways to attain their ends, knowing that force will be the final arbiter, and shaping their demands in accordance with the size of the national armament. The first question to be answered in the interest of peace is, What steps should be taken to correct this fatal policy?

Professor Archibald Coolidge, who took part in the discussion ar Williamstown, mentioned two tendencies to be observed in the world to-day—one a desire for national self-sufficiency, the other a growing conviction that the important staple products of the world should not be regarded as a legitimate monopoly of the countries in which they happen to lie. These two tendencies are contradictory, and are suggestive of the problem that confronts anyone who attempts to apply a remedy to the condition indicated by Mr. Culbertson.

The point of view of Governments is a narrowly selfish one. Our governmental departments are suspicious of foreigners. The Tariff Commission is founded on the assumption that world-trade is an evil that ought to be regulated for the benefit of American manufacturers. It is an agency of exclusiveness, like the State Department and the Department of Labour, and, like them, needs the War and Navy Departments to make its exclusive policy effective. But even so, it is effective at the expense of the general welfare. With raw materials distributed as they are, it is impossible for even the most favoured countries to be self-sufficient; and the less favoured ones are bound to strengthen the tendency that Professor Coolidge noted, and to argue that natural resources are a common possession of mankind. The idea finds its justification in the appeal to inherent rights and to natural laws that threaten the existence of parochial views and local prejudice. It is an appeal from exclusiveness to inclusiveness, from arbitrary government to self-government.

The same reasoning that permits us to deny the right of the American Indians to retain this continent as a hunting-preserve, would prevent us from shutting out from its opportunities anyone who seeks to enjoy them, in person or through the medium of trade. The reasoning that permits our Government to insist on an open door in China, applies with equal force at home. The reasoning of the Declaration of Independence is as valid for the Filipino as for the descendent of Thomas Jefferson. Each individual, whatever the chance of birth, has an equal right with all others to use the earth. Before the idea of equality, if it prevails, all restrictions and barriers will give way, and rivalries supported by arbitrary laws will be replaced by an unrestricted competition, necessarily amicable because voluntary.

because voluntary.

The theory of equal rights has had to struggle against firmly-rooted institutions, and it has made slow progress. Accepted privileges are easily confused with

inherent rights. Unconditional land-ownership, protective tariffs, limitation of immigration, are not examined critically by those who enjoy the fruits of these exclusive laws. The sordid details of financial imperialism are forgotten in the complacent pretence of race-superiority. Unfortunately, the socialist assault on the capitalist system failed to make clear the issue between liberty and coercion. The attempt to regulate production and exchange ran its course, and reached its climax in the war. With Governments supreme, individual rights were held to be nonexistent; competition was more closely restrained, and society was regulated according to the wisdom of officials. The directors of the bureaucracy were charmed with their handiwork, though they were careful to keep the cost of the experiment well in the background. It was so great, however, that a partial return to competition had to be permitted, though the net result was a considerable loss of freedom. All the old causes of friction remain, and others have been added to them. New regulations act as stumbling-blocks in the path of the producer, and make self-support more difficult. In such an unpromising state of affairs every voice added to the counsels of sanity is doubly welcome.

We do not know what impression Mr. Culbertson made on his audience at Williamstown, but we trust that his speech was carefully digested by his colleagues on the Tariff Commission. When once they become aware that they are engaged in fomenting wars by their interference with the natural flow of trade, they surely can not rest until they have convinced the Secretary of State, and the Secretaries of Labour and Commerce, that the national policy must be revised in accordance with the requirements of fair play. If they are successful, this paper is ready to spread itself in praise of a Government that, refusing to take unfair advantage of its strength, acknowledges by its actions the essential equality of mankind. We realize that we are asking for a revolution, but for the reassurance of the apprehensive we remark that it is a revolution in thought, and that it can not be furthered by violence.

#### NEW-OLD LIBERAL DOCTRINE.

THIS paper seldom publishes contributed articles on special aspects of public affairs, preferring always to deal with them editorially. We have reasons, however, for publishing, as we do in this issue, a paper on the League of Nations, written by Mr. Robert Dell, though we are aware that our readers will find it in some sense anticlimactic, for we have already said editorially much more against the League of Nations than Mr. Dell says, and said it with much more emphasis. Mr. Dell has always been known, and presumably would still be known, as the regular type of British liberal; but unfortunately for his liberalism, he seems to be endowed with some amount of intellectual curiosity and reflective power. He seems able to see as much as an inch beyond his nose, and willing to think about what he sees there. Our chief reason for printing this article, therefore, is to show how the League of Nations has come to look to a liberal, after more than two years exercise of this remarkable and unusual endowment.

Mr. Dell appears to have discovered that if the politicians at Versailles had really desired a league of nations, they might have had one by means of instituting free intercourse and free exchange among the nations represented, the abolition of national sovereignty, and general disarmament. Here Mr. Dell has advanced almost within reaching distance of the doctrine of one whom British liberals, with unconscious

irony, still call a "great liberal leader" of the last generation-Richard Cobden. Cobden perceived that with free intercourse and free trade granted, a league of nations forms automatically, the objectionable features of national sovereignty tend to disappear, and the incentive to armament tends to disappear with them; and yet when Mr. Dell is in London, it may happen almost any afternoon that he will find a little knot of anxious liberals sitting in the Reform Club within fifteen feet of Richard Cobden's statue, trying to puzzle out some way to make a league of nations really effective! The spectacle is instructive and depressing, and it at once brings to mind Mr. George Shaw's remark that really England does not deserve to have great men. Mr. Dell is so much in advance of his contemporaries that he has almost caught up with the liberal leadership of fifty years ago, and we accordingly congratulate him.

Mr. Dell also appears to perceive that with national sovereignty modified by free intercourse and free trade, the nation would tend to become "like the town or the province, a mere administrative area." The fact is that with freedom of production which, as Cobden set forth explicitly in his Derby speech, is necessarily correlated with freedom of trade and intercourse, this change would take place absolutely. In other words, political government would disappear bodily, and a purely administrative government would take its place. Here again Mr. Dell is immeasureably in advance of his contemporaries, and if he "follows through" on his discovery, he will find himself once more in company with some of the ablest minds of the last century, such as Ludwig Gumplowicz, Henry George and Herbert Spencer.

Mr. Dell's conclusions are not impressive. There are no conditions upon which a league of nations can be formed except those intimated in Mr. Dell's own article; and even in a seizure of midsummer madness, one can not imagine the United States Government seriously trying to impose those conditions upon the Governments which constitute the existing League, or those Governments accepting them. Mr. Dell loses sight of his own inference that these Governments do not really wish a league of nations. They do not wish it, and Mr. Dell's fellow-liberals in England (and a fortiori in America) do not wish it. They are imperialists to the core, the liberals as much as the Governments; and what they really wish is some arrangement that shall be effective enough to restore them some comfortable measure of peace and prosperity, but not effective enough to interfere with the system of economic imperialism. This is a harsh thing to say, but we say it deliberately, for it is our sincere belief. We have heard from liberals all manner of shoddy arguments and specious pleas for American participation in the existing League of Nations; but as far as we know, Mr. Dell is the first liberal to come forward with any approximation to intellectual honesty, and intimate the conditions upon which alone a league of nations can be formed.

On one point we must correct Mr. Dell. He says that if he were an American he thinks he should want this country to take the lead in forming an American League of Nations. But we have already done that; we formed one a century and a half ago. The American League was formed the moment that the colonies took down their customs-barriers and established free intercourse and free trade. On the whole, it has worked well; plenty well enough to be an encouraging example, and its failures have been such as to show

clearly that they are due to our having missed out on establishing freedom of production as well as freedom of exchange. We feel quite confident in recommending to Mr. Dell the example that America has already set, even though it be not perfect. If he can induce his fellow-liberals to look into it and raise their voices for following it, they will find that the establishment of an effective league of nations is essentially a very simple matter.

#### WILHELM UND GOTT.

It is some weeks since William Anderson, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York State, was indicted by a grand jury on allegations of larceny, forgery and extortion, in connexion with the funds of the League. We have no notion whether William Anderson be innocent or guilty of the charges; and we are not sufficiently concerned either way to wager a toddy-glass of spring water on the result. Whether the indictment hold or not, the nature of William Anderson's job is such that our opinion of him has to be kept in the coolest portion of the cellar. In any event, his status, whether of innocence or guilt, will be decided by due process of law, and until the verdict it is decorous to withhold judgment in the premises.

Mr. Anderson and his League, however, have displayed a complete disregard for the proprieties. While the grand jurors were sifting the evidence, and ever since the indictment was brought, they have maintained a steady barrage of denials, adjurations, charges and threats. Day after day they have cried out to high heaven to witness the lamb-like innocence of William Anderson; they have denounced the legal proceedings as a political frame-up; they have called for the removal of the District Attorney on the ground that he is a mere tool of the Demon Rum; and they have proclaimed the general dictum that anyone connected with getting the law on the League or its agents is a blasphemer and an enemy of society.

In connexion with its findings relative to William Anderson's alleged manipulation of funds, the grand jury recommended that the State Legislature make a thorough investigation of the activities of the Anti-Saloon League. This recommendation has particularly aroused the ire of the League and its director. They have issued a defiance to the Legislature, in which apparently they take the definitive view that the League is a divinely-instituted organization, standing above the law. An attempt to investigate it, they declare, will be construed as a declaration of war by the 5000 Protestant churches in the State which they purport to represent; and they threaten any legislators who try to look into their affairs, with political annihilation and the wrath of the Almighty. "The God whom we serve, 'who maketh the wrath of men to serve him," concludes one of their statements, "and who has given this movement its greatest advances through the blunders of its enemies, will take care of the outcome and afford protection to those who are seeking to hasten the coming of his kingdom upon earth."

It is clear from this that William Anderson and his associates are as sure of God as was William of Germany. If they are so sure, and if they are innocent of any wrong-doing, it seems odd that they so lustily oppose a public advertisement of their affairs. This, however, is a minor point. The important consideration is that they appear to hold themselves superior to the responsibilities and obligations of ordinary citizenship and public organization. They seek to claim an

immunity by divine right, and they would establish a form of *de facto* capitulations, not dissimilar from those which were recently abolished in Turkey, placing them above the regular processes of justice.

To many persons this may seem an arrogation entirely strange to the American idea. In fact, however, it is in accord with earliest American precedents. William Anderson and his colleagues have possibly been studying colonial history, and they may be spurred by a patriotic impulse to re-create the sturdy spiritual hegemony of the good old days.

II

In the pre-revolutionary period, local government in the thirteen colonies was conducted largely under the dictatorship of clerical oligarchies. The moral crusaders had a free hand, and the colonial legislatures were subservient to their influence. A rich crop of laws censored rigidly the habits, manners and customs of the underlying population, their raiment, and even the food upon their tables. In some places smoking in public was a crime; or taking a walk on the Sabbath; or selling buns for afternoon teas; and if one failed to attend service at the established church, whatever it happened to be, the least one might expect was imprisonment. The clerical dictators devised a number of ingenious punishments for disobedience to their decrees, including the stocks, the whipping-post, the ducking-stool, branding on the forehead, and boring the tongue through with a red-hot awl.

Early in the game the clergymen, and in some cases also substantial landed gentry on their boards of vestrymen, were at pains to secure laws whereby persons who criticized them or their regulations could be made to suffer punishment. These regulations generally took the form of laws against obscene writings, against unbelief, blasphemy, "profaning God's name and abusing his holy words and commandments" and the like. Persons who criticized the clergy or acted contrary to their views of the proprieties, were held to have violated laws of this character, and were subject to punishments ranging from fines and incarceration, through various forms of public humiliation and torture, to the death-penalty itself. It must be noted, however, that the judges were not inclined to inflict the death-penalty. Easy-going Virginia seems to have been as rigid as the New England colonies. In Virginia the church-wardens became the censors of morals and the inquisitors of the colonial society. They were empowered both to bring presentments against citizens for alleged violations of ecclesiastical laws, and to sit in judgment on them. Even so slight a lapse from grace as criticism of a minister's sermon was construed under the law as atheism. At a first offence the critic was deprived of the right to hold public office; a second offence was punishable by imprisonment for three

The grip of the clerical oligarchies was strengthened in the colonies by the custom of limiting citizenship to members of the established church; members of other sects were virtually outlaws. The clergy held in their hands the right to excommunicate members of their flock who did not toe the mark, and this penalty of course carried with it a loss of civil rights. For a time, in the Plymouth colony, a person who remained in a state of excommunication for six months could be banished. All colonists were taxed for the upkeep of the clerical system under the tithe law, which was a form of taxation without representation that seems to receive little attention in our histories. Naturally a rigid press-censorship was imposed. In

the Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies two clerical dictators supervised all printed matter, and censored or condemned at their own sweet will. There is no evidence that morality fared particularly well under this regime; however, such virtues as sycophancy, hypocrisy, snoopery and tale-bearing flourished mightily, and citizens of blackmailing propensities found a fruitful soil to work in.

#### TIT

We do not know whether the guiding spirits of the Anti-Saloon League have made a profitable study of these good old times. Possibly their politics have no conscious historical significance, and they pursue their aims from an instinct common to organizations of this character in every time. If once they can establish the doctrine that their conduct should be above scrutiny or regulation at the hands of our society, doubtless other prerogatives will soon be added unto them, and the American people will be faced by a new form of privilege similar to those that prevailed in colonial days. Already it appears that the Anti-Saloon League has gone so far that it dares to flout the authority of the law and issue a contemptuous defiance to the legislative power; and it invokes the Deity with the same easy assurance displayed by the clerical oligarchy of

our earlier day

Yet we think William Anderson and his fellows would do well to ponder the end of their colonial archetypes. The American Revolution was a doublebarrelled affair; while the colonists were throwing out the agents of King George they also made a pretty clean sweep of their own domestic tyrants and all their In every colony the clerical dictators were rooted from power and their regulations were scrapped. The tithe-system was thrown overboard for ever. The churches were disestablished; and in most cases the new-born States passed laws depriving clergymen of the right to hold any public office, and seeking to make them impotent to influence legislation. Here and there a conspicuous clerical tyrant was somewhat roughly treated; and under the pressure of popular sentiment many of them folded their tents and quietly stole away. The whole episode is something of a warning to spiritual go-getters who would seek to monopolize both the things which are Cæsar's and the things which are God's.

#### MISCELLANY.

So the energetic Mussolini has turned his attention to the morals of his countrymen, and forbidden gambling! It has been done before, and once at least under very odd circumstances. Casanova observes in his memoirs that "at the end of the year 1774, the Great Council promulgated a law forbidding all games of chance, the first effect of which was to close the ridotto. This law was a real phenomenon [sic!] and when the votes were taken out of the urn, the senators looked at each other with stupefaction. They had made the law unwittingly, for threefourths of the voters objected to it, yet three-fourths of the votes were in favour of it. People said it was a miracle of St. Mark, who had answered the prayers of Monsignor Flangini, then censor-in-chief, now cardinal and one of the three State Inquisitors."

HAVING dropped in to see "The Devil's Disciple" one night last week, I was delighted with Mr. Young's impersonation of General Burgoyne. Almost all the leading

figures in the Revolution, on both sides, were pretty commonplace; and it therefore always seemed to me a pity that history does not make more of the really interesting character of Burgoyne. He is worth looking up, for the sake of finding out, among other things, that he wrote several plays that had a good vogue-Garrick acted in his first one-and some very respectable poetry. One of his late plays, "The Heiress," ran through ten editions and was reproduced in several languages on the Continent. As shown in "The Devil's Disciple," he was a capable officer, and was made a scapegoat for the failure of his American campaign; it is significant that he was never granted the trial which he demanded. Mr. Young presents him quite as one thinks he may have been-clear-headed, brilliant, very able, whimsical, extremely urbane and wholly interesting.

A MONTH or so ago, I remarked that I had recently come to know rather intimately the life of a village that lies beyond the limits of suburbia, and I said also that I had gained in the course of this experience a new sense of the uniqueness and importance of the individual characters and episodes in the comédie humaine. I have been thinking since, that it might be just as well for me to present a bill of particulars, instead of leaving my generalizations in the air, as I did on that last occasion; and it is with this idea in mind that I propose to myself the pleasant task of introducing several members of the village-company.

THERE is, for example, the village inn-keeper, a hearty, cherry-cheeked old man with a crisp and characteristic name, the quality of which will not be altogether lost if we speak of him as Peter Pitts. Mrs. Pitts passed over Jordan some years ago, and is now most clearly represented to us by a collection of willow ware, and other platters and tureens of respectable antiquity, which she left by the dozen, wired to the dining-room wall. The tastes of Mr. Pitts have always run in a different line, as one may see by the pictures of fast trotting-horses, and the brightly polished bridle-bits and horseshoes which ornament the office of the inn, and the adjoining room which is not yet altogether free from the stimulating tang-or is it only the memory-of good whisky.

In some of the pictures, one may recognize Mr. Pitts himself, in the full flush of his glory. Clad in boldstriped trousers, a black coat, and a diminutive derby, he sits a-top his racing-sulky, with a pair of taut lines in his hands, and the tail of the county's best horse on the seat beneath him. Nowadays, Mr. Pitts spends most of his time in a chair by the office-window, with a newspaper on his knees, and the whir of automobiles on the highway for his everlasting company; but even to-day one may occasionally see him driving a sleek colt around the grass-grown race-track that was once the centre of all the high life in this discreet community.

For all the interest that attaches to these antiquities of a sporting past, they are perhaps less significant than the anecdotes in regard to Peter Pitts which still pass current in his village, and perhaps in a good many other villages near and far. I have already intimated that Mr. Pitts's wide roof once sheltered a saloon, which was of course an affliction to certain God-fearing members of the community. Under the provisions of "local option," the brethren attempted more than once to close out this establishment, but each time they failed. The people of the village were not much given to the consumption of liquor, and they supported several churches rather handsomely; but there was only one man who had liquor to

A lively narrative of the colonial oligarchy may be found in "Ye Olden Blue Laws," by Gustavus Myers, published by the Century

sell, and the prohibitionists were regularly met with the answer, "No, wait till Peter Pitts dies. We won't vote Peter out of business."

Without his horses and his tap-room, the good Mr. Pitts would still have been a capital inn-keeper, and it is in this character that he has made a secure place for himself in the community. To be sure, the passer-by is not always certain of accommodation, for old Mr. Pitts has his own notion of the manner in which a guest should approach his house. The story is that a limousine once deposited upon the doorstep of the inn a gentleman who could easily have bought the place with his small change, and expected to be served accordingly. This gentleman walked into the office and issued peremptory orders for dinner for self and party; but Mr. Pitts still sat by the window. "I don't think I'll serve you anything," he said. "I don't like your looks."

IF Peter Pitts has done well in the hotel-business, it is not because he has made it a rule to proportion his service to the reward in prospect. His neighbours say that in the day when Mrs. Pitts still reigned and ruled in the kitchen of the hotel, she once made report to her spouse that the stock of potatoes was falling off at a tremendous rate; would Peter go down cellar and look around?—there must be something wrong. Peter went down, and presently he found an open window, with a path worn to it across the snow. Somehow or other, he identified the tracks, or thought that he had done so; and later, when his wife asked him if he had shut out the uninvited guest, he said, "No, I left the window unlatched. I guess Jim wouldn't come all the way up here for potatoes if he didn't need them."

JOURNEYMAN.

## POETRY.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

(Harmonizing Ch'êng Chin's poem.)

A cold wind nears my long-fibred mat,
The city's bare wall grows pale with the moon,
In the River of Stars fly the wild geese of autumn,
On stone in the night I hear thousands of flails . . .
With this waning of the season
I would vanish far away,
But your poem has beguiled me
To forget the homing birds.

HAN HUNG.

#### A VIEW OF T'AI-SHAN.

What shall I say of the Great Peak?
The Ch'i and Lu Dukedoms are everywhere green,
Inspired and stirred by the breath of Creation;
With the Twin Forces balancing day and night,
I open my breast toward widening clouds,
And I strain my sight after birds flying home . . .
When shall I climb to the top and hold
All mountains in a single glance!

Tu Fu.

# INSCRIBED IN THE TEMPLE OF THE WANDERING GENIE.

I face, from this fairy-lodge, the Court of the Five High Cities

And a country-side blue and still, after the long rain; Till far peaks and trees of Ch'in blend in the twilight And Han Palace washing-stones echo autumnal. Fine shadows of pine fall soft on the open pulpit, And grasses blow their fragrance to my little cave. O who would be craving a world beyond this one? Here among men are the Purple Hills!

HAN HUNG.

(Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu.)

#### THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

HAVING been an internationalist since the age of fifteen I should naturally be a supporter of the League of Nations did I believe it to be even the embryonic form of a genuine international organization, but I have come reluctantly to the conclusion that it is almost impossible to hope that the present League of Nations can ever achieve the aims for which it was ostensibly founded. I have come to that conclusion after living for two years at Geneva and studying the working of the League at close quarters. I never expected that the aims for which the League was ostensibly founded could be achieved in two or three years. Everything must have a beginning and, if the League had made a good beginning, I should have asked no more from it. My complaint against the League is that it has made a very bad beginning and I believe that it has done so because it has been doomed to failure from the first by the inherent vices of its constitution. Child of the treaty of Versailles, the League of Nations was born with a congenital taint.

The Governments that founded the League of Nations professed that their aim was to abolish war. He that wills the end must will the means. It may be that the Governments in question willed the end, but not one of them willed the means. War can be abolished only by removing its causes. Among its chief causes are protectionism, national sovereignty, and armaments. The abolition of war therefore involves universal free trade, the suppression of national sovereignty and general disarmament. Had the founders of the League of Nations sincerely desired to abolish war, they would have agreed to disarm and to suppress political and economic frontiers. Internationalism means the suppression of political and economic frontiers—not of territorial boundaries—that is to say, it means that there will be no restriction of any sort on the freedom of exchange and communications between one part of the world and another, that all tariffs on exports or imports will be abolished, that people will be free to go from one country to another and to settle anywhere they please without let or hindrance provided they comply with the laws of the country where they settle, and that everybody will be a citizen of the world, that is to say, of the country where he happens to live. At least the founders of the League of Nations should have aimed at these ends.

In fact, the League of Nations is based on the recognition of national sovereignty and this fact alone doomed it to failure. National sovereignty means the right to make war. It means that every nation is in the last resource free to do exactly as it pleases. I am a convinced believer in the maximum of liberty for the individual, or—to put it in a more concrete form the minimum of constraint. But the liberty of each individual must necessarily be limited by the liberty of the others, for several absolute liberties can not exist together. That is equally true of nations. A society of sovereign nations is as impossible as would be a society of sovereign individuals. There can be no society of nations-no internationalism-without the abolition of national sovereignty. The country must become, like the town or the province, a mere administrative area.

The founders of the League of Nations were no more prepared to abandon protective tariffs than to abandon national sovereignty. On the contrary, Europe is more than ever divided by tariff-walls, and those walls are higher than ever. The ultimate cause of modern wars is competition for markets and raw

materials. Universal free trade would remove that cause, since it would give every country access to all the markets and all the raw materials of the world. It would, moreover, by destroying in every country industries to which the natural conditions are unsuited, prevent any country from being self-supporting and thus make them all so dependent on one another that war would be almost impossible. War would be quite impossible if no country had any arms with which to fight. Here is the final test of the sincerity of the founders of the League of Nations. Had they been sincere, they would at least have agreed to universal national disarmament and to the substitution of a single international force for the national armed forces.

These are the fundamental vices of the League of Nations. Space will not allow me to mention all the vices of its constitution. One is obvious. It is that the League is not a League of Nations, but a league of certain favoured nations. Had the Allied Governments wished or intended to make the League of Nations a reality, they would have allowed—more than that, they would have forced—every nation to join it. They never intended the League of Nations to be a reality. They intended it to be what it is—an instrument of the policy of the Allied Governments. At present, thanks to the weakness of England, it is an instrument chiefly of French policy. My experience of the League of Nations is that it has only concentrated and intensified international intrigue. My mature conviction is that it is worse than useless—it is dangerous.

All this might be changed if it were possible to reform the League of Nations. The mischief is that it Article 26 of the Covenant of the League makes any amendment of this Covenant in practice impossible, for it provides that no such amendment shall take effect until it has been ratified by the members of the League whose representatives compose the Council and by a majority of the members of the League whose representatives compose the Assembly, This means that, even when an amendment to the Covenant has been passed both by the Council and the Assembly, a single Power represented on the Council can make the amendment invalid merely by abstaining from ratifying it. In any case, judging by the experience of other cases in which ratification is required, it would be years before the necessary ratifications had been obtained. Moreover, we all know that France would not ratify any amendment that would make the League a reality. I fear that we must not expect any change in France in that respect for a long time to come. The French have great qualities, but they are essentially the most nationalist and therefore the least internationalist people in the world. France is not an island, but it is the most insular of nations.

There is only one hope of reforming the League of Nations. It is that the United States might some day decide to join the League, but only on condition that such drastic changes were made in its constitution as to make it in fact a new organization. If the United States were ever unwise enough to join the League as it is, without making such a condition—as I can hardly believe to be possible—God help us all!

If I were an American, I think I should be in favour of the United States taking the lead in the formation of an American League of Nations. In my opinion it was a mistake to start with a world-wide League. A beginning should have been made with separate Leagues for Europe, Asia and America respectively, which could have acted together for certain purposes and eventually have been federated. In any case, our

first and most urgent task over here is to form the United States of Europe. We must unite or perish. It is almost certain that all the States of Europe are not yet willing to unite. For that reason I am inclined to think that European unity will have to be imposed and that perhaps it is necessary to form a combination of States powerful enough to impose it.

ROBERT DELL.

#### ENGLISH OF THE MELTING-POT.

In the period of journalism preceding the war, of which I have been speaking, head-lines were the place to look for especially characteristic newspaper-verbalisms. It must be considered, however, that the writer of head-lines was cramped by arbitrary limitations of space. As poets who would thrill must adjust their thrills to measure, so, likewise, must the writer of thrilling head-lines; and his measure was literally short metre, for head-line-spaces were not commodious and head-line types were large. It seemed to me that writers of head-lines might possibly prove to be the pioneer poets of newspaper-English. Some certainly tried to rise to that level. One of those possible Chaucers, as yet inglorious, whose duty it became to furnish a head-line for the report of a college professor's lecture on "Poetry and Mathematics," print in his paper these short and big-lettered headlines: "Arithmetic is modern Muse; Mathematics, says professor, with emotions enthuse; Dante and Milton outdone; adding-machines teem with beauty and symbols with sweetness overrun." As I scanned that head-line when it appeared, I allowed myself to think what I would of it, but to bear well in mind that nobody knew that it might not be a classic morsel for pessimistic scholars half a thousand years from then, in still another era of English in a melting-pot.

As a newspaper-specialty, head-lining was said by newspaper-men with memories-or only imaginations, it may be-to hark back to a grim practical joke which a reporter on the Chicago Times in Storey's day played upon a busy sub-editor. He had been asked by the sub-editor, a common request then, to put a title to his report of one of those ceremonial hangings that some sovereign States practised without thinking themselves uncivilized. The resulting head-line, too irreverent for repetition here, eluded the city editor's vigilance (so the story runs), for he trusted to the reporter; and the next morning the Chicago of more than half a century ago was in a spasm of mixed emotions. Dumfounded by the unexpected publication of his jocular head-line, intended by him only as a friendly joke on the sub-editor who had inadvertently passed it on to the composing room, and expecting summary dismissal, the reporter responded to Mr. Storey's summons to an immediate interview with very much more than journalistic timidity. His emotions were not at all mixed. But they underwent a lightning change, for Mr. Storey doubled his salary and put him in charge of a new department established that day and especially for him-

¹ In modern publications, statements not admissible in the text may possibly be set out in unobstrusive foot-notes. I therefore venture the explanation that at the time of this tradition, capital convicts who "got religion" from clergymen who iministered to them as the time for hanging approached, were made much of by ladies of the church. They would send presents of fruits and flowers, and in other ways would inspire the convict with an expectation of immediate heavenly reward. In consequence, convicts who were about to die often made speeches on the scaffold with climaxes to the effect that they expected to be "in the arms of Jesus" that very hour. A good deal of ribald comment was common, but it remained for the joking reporter of the "Immes to summarize it all in a phrase. In allusion to the valedictory of the convict whose execution he had reported, the head-line he wrote was "Jerked to Jesus." According to newspaper-tradition the name of the author of this irreverent head-line was Seymour. He was afterwards managing editor of the Chicago Herald (for which he wrote in 1892 a brilliant series of editorials on the tariff), and then business-manager of the Chicago Chromicle, which he organized in 1895 and with which he remained until its suspension in 1907.

a department of head-lining. This newspaper-novelty was soon imitated by other newspapers, and head-lining as a specialty became institutional.

A vocabulary of head-lining was gradually developed out of the necessity for short words. "Dame Raps Suffrage," for example, had, at this era of the meltingpot, become a favourite head-line for women's lectures against votes for women. "Dame" was the head-line word used for woman. "Rap" was a miscellaneous favourite. Seldom did an investigating committee condemn or rebuke. It "rapped," unless there was space to spare, and then it "swatted" or "walloped." While an investigation was in progress, the investigators "quizzed" or "probed." Agreements were "pacts"; relatives, "kin"; insurance companies, "risk concerns"; and children, "kids"—for variety, "tots."

Head-lines were doubtless responsible for much misinformation in the newspapers of the time. Whole armies of people who read only head-lines, thought they had read the news. Many a time did I search newspapers a week old for startling news that some one had told me about and that I had apparently overlooked, only to learn at last that my information arose from a mistaken inference from a head-line—or maybe a picture.

As pictures in newspapers had already begun to talk, even if only to mislead, their coming into use must not be ignored. They began to appear early in the 'eighties as a journalistic institution. Even earlier, news-pictures had been common in the Police Gazette and the American Tract Society's publications. Since the latter were illustrative of other-worldly matters, and the former of under-worldly news, the Tract Society had to be endowed while the Police Gazette was self-supporting. News-pictures had long been used also by Frank Leslie's and Harper's Weekly. But in those days pictures were printed from wood-cuts. At this stage of the art, an artist was needed to draw them and another to engrave them. Considerations of economy, therefore, encouraged repeated use of the same pictures for illustrating different news-subjects. Periodicals too scrupulous to do this themselves were in the habit of selling their used cuts to other periodicals or to book-publishers. Their virtue somewhat resembled that of the pious young woman who, fearing she might go to perdition if she kept her jewellery, gave it to her sister.

The re-use of wood-cuts made hack-work for literary journeymen in turning out write-ups for pictures. But the penny-daily of New York, which had the name of Truth and kept a department labelled "Lies," varied the fakery of writing up to pictures by keeping stock pictures for news-purposes. Availing itself of the infant art of photographic etching to produce zinc plates for printing, Truth used every plate as frequently as it happened to be even remotely appropriate to illustrate a news-item. There was the plate of a woman stabbing a man, the plate of a highway hold-up and one of a railway smash-up, etc. etc., all doing frequent duty. Portraits of noted persons were made in advance for news of death, divorce, or other conventional events. One of the artists was "Kalulu," well-known in London. Another was Gribayedov, a Russian whom his cronies called "Gravy," and who afterwards went to Pulitzer's World to develop illustration for daily papers on the large scale which ultimately became common.

As far as I know, the daily *Truth's* humble efforts from 1879 to 1885 were the first of the kind, although the daily *Graphic*, launched by David G. Croly, for the very purpose, had made a more ambitious attempt

in the 'seventies by means of lithography. After the World took up news-illustration and made it a "go," a long time elapsed before line-drawing could be dispensed with. The problem of making plates directly from photographs remained unsolved by newspapers, years after magazine-pictures were printed from photographic half-tones. But during the decade immediately preceding the war, daily papers were printing photographic illustrations of news-reports with electric promptness—often on the very day of the event. It might have been the day before if newspaper half-tones had been perfected a few years earlier.

The necessity for using short words in head-lining, to which I have already referred, was often regarded in the days of transition as a virtue even in untrammelled composition. It was not a virtue; it was a newspaper-superstition. Did anyone ever read a book in words of one syllable without pitying both author and reader? The secret of popular English in those days was not short words, nor yet familiar words. It was comradely expression of common thought. Mr. Lloyd George's words were not studiedly short; their definitions were not familiar to the masses who heard them; he strained not at all for verbal effects. But the British masses understood him perfectly. They understood him though he used words as big and as unfamiliar to them as these:

The greatest asset of a country is a virile and contented population. This you will never get until the land in the neighbourhood of our great towns is measured out on a more generous scale for the homes of our people. They want as a necessity of life plenty of light, plenty of air, plenty of garden space, which provides the healthiest and most productive form of recreation that any man can enjoy. I am not against sport; I only want to extend the area of its enjoyment. A small number of people like to take their sport in the form of destroying something; the vast majority prefer cultivation to destruction. Some like blood; others prefer bloom. The former is considered a more high class taste, but few can afford to belong to that exalted order.

The British masses understood Mr. Lloyd George as clearly when he spoke in that way as when, in shorter and more familiar words, he asked "why ten thousand families own the soil of England and all the rest are trespassers in the land of their birth."

What was it in our own country in those times that made the most popular idol of the period popular? Did he not himself tell us that it was because he thought with the people? Not as they ought to have thought, it may be, nor as he himself ought to have thought, nor as he and they would have thought if they had been altogether wise; but as he and they did think—not necessarily in familiar words, either, but in familiar thinking; not in short words but in short thoughts. That is what made the newspaper-English effective in the days just before the war.

If a newspaper then reflected in its English the people's thought, the people understood its words, whether long words or short ones, and whether Saxon, Latin, polyglot or melting-pot in their source. A people in the melting-pot, which I then thought I saw, seemed to me to have a feeling for the meaning of even the least familiar or the longest of words, if their own thought was woven into the context. When a newspaper of that time drew a great following from the untutored masses, it was not because it adopted its readers' crude and poverty-stricken vocabulary, if it did adopt it, but because, chiefly at any rate, it seemed to them to have fallen in with the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Speech of David Lloyd George at the City Temple, London, 17 October, 1910. See the Public, vol. xiii, pp. 1217 and 1218.

trend of their thought. Of course, it had to use familiar words, more or less, but this alone was not enough. Familiar words did not necessarily make familiar allusions clear, but familiar allusions might be recognized with only a sprinkling of familiar words. Often a typical head-line was enough.

One can hardly think of that newspaper-English, however fresh from the melting-pot and however crude, as criminal. But James Redpath once hinted at it. Abolitionist, inventor of the word "boycott," founder of the Redpath Lyceum, and, at the time to which I allude, editor of the North American Review, Redpath predicted, when the news of the arrest of the alleged bomb-throwing anarchists in Chicago reached New York, that they would be hanged. "And it will not be for murder," he said, as he explained that he could have written in substance all that they wrote, and could have published it, yet no one would have thought of holding him responsible for the explosion of that mysterious bomb—a mystery yet, by the way. "For," said Redpath, "what they wanted to say I would have put into English that would have had in it no suggestion of crime. If those men are hanged, as I suppose they will be, they will not be hanged for murder but for writing poor English."

In days yet to be, when some researcher seeking the truth about those victims of their own bad Englishif that was their crime—wades through the volumes of testimony taken at their trial, supplementing this work with a spin through Governor Altgeld's indictment of the court that tried them and his exposure of the verdict that hanged them, that researcher may possibly come to Redpath's conclusion, or worse. But this tragedy of the middle 'eighties in Chicago relates only incidentally to the newspaper-English of the meltingpot, which dreamily concerned me at the time, and reminiscently interests me now. My point is that the newspapers of that era seemed to reflect and to promote progressively, day by day, those newer modes of speech which contemporaneous literary prudes chastely refused to see, and which were observed from literary monasteries only to be piously deplored, but which some of us who plodded along the corduroy roads of literature "sensed" as signs of an evolving literary speech for a changing industrial order.

A minor indication of those looking-glass qualities of the newspapers of that apparently evolutionary period was their extreme sensitiveness to letters from readers. I am not now referring to the "Constant Reader" or to the "Old Subscriber," or to any other of those former familiars. No seasoned editor cared for their criticisms. But the malarial effect upon any editor of a handful of letters of protest not intended for publication, was amazing. They were more potent than the threatening protests of hundred-per-cent patriots are to-day. Unless he suspected a "letter-writing corps," he "threw a fit," as his subordinates would have said. Was it so when newspapers reflected their editors' opinions instead of the people's moods-or the proprietors' interests? Could one think of Horace Greeley in control of the New York Tribune as oversensitive to such criticism? It was a sign, I thought, of the new function of newspapers, of their change from public teachers to mirrors of public moods. Even papers controlled "on the side" had to be sensitive to public moods or lose the influence that made them "worth their keep."

In the case of sensational papers, this sensitiveness was acute. Their yellow news was what the masses of that seemingly changing industrial order wanted; their discursive methods and typographical shrieks

were the way in which those masses wanted the news told. Had one doubted it, one need only have watched the career of a paper of the other kind as it glided gracefully on towards bankruptcy. Does anybody point to papers that were not yellow and yet successful? Then they were probably black, and do not yellow and black harmonize?

But the masses themselves were neither yellow nor black, except in streaks. They were often unthinking—unless of childish matters and in childish ways. "When a Taft letter and a Roosevelt speech appear on the front page on the same day, which is read first?" was a question of the day not badly answered with the reply, "The baseball news." And when one said of the masses in the mass that they thought of childish things and in childish ways, the criticism was not harsh—no more than if, in the case of an individual instead of the mass, one had said it of a child.

Louis F. Post.

(To be concluded.)

#### THE YELLOW STREAK.

ALL who marvel at the Anglomaniacal attitude towards things German should study the clash between that most individualized of American writers, Mr. Upton Sinclair, and the Authors' League of America. An explanation of this episode would account, at the same time, for the peculiarity of the average American writer in handling the theme of Germany. It must seem odd to a German here and there that the calumny and the misrepresentation of which his country has so long been a victim should inspire no sonnet over here like that burning thing of Milton's: "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints!" No writer over here seems to glow, with the indignation of Walter Savage Landor when he excoriated the French dynast. No Shelley has risen to indict the Quai d'Orsay for an obscurantism worse than that of Swellfoot the Tyrant.

Alone among our men of genius, Upton Sinclair seems afire now and then with the flame of a sacred frenzy. A holy anger burned his bosom when he refused a request from the Authors' League for thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. The League wanted to get rid of some pressing debts. It accordingly asked Upton Sinclair to pay his dues considerably in advance.

Instead of getting money from Upton Sinclair, the Authors' League got a tart communication. For some years, it seems, Upton Sinclair has lived in agonies of doubt regarding the values of the League, not to himself only, but to the whole republic of letters. It seems to Upton Sinclair—he confesses it in those very words—that the Authors' League of America has confined its attention exclusively to serving the financial interests of writers of popular short stories. It has carefully avoided-I am still quoting Upton Sinclair-all the grave problems which concern the artist and the creator of new spiritual impulses. One or two, at least, of the achievements of the Authors' League of America seem to Upton Sinclair to reflect a soul shot through with vulgarity and with snobbery. Nothing that the League has yet attempted shines to Upton Sinclair with a radiant ideality out of the darkness of its

For five reactionary years or so, the stony Government of this wooden country sequestrated Ralph Chaplin in a penitentiary. President Harding recently ordered the release of this genius—"one of the most authentic and most heroic of American poets," to use Upton Sinclair's characterization. "Has a single member of the executive committee of the Authors' League," asks Upton Sinclair again, "ever moved a finger to aid this young man of genius?"

If this youth was restored to his wife and baby through the heroic intervention of the Authors' League, the news has yet to stun Upton Sinclair.

Another of Upton Sinclair's interrogative kicks in the stomach of this League was so delightful that it cured me of a smart indigestion. "Did it really not occur," he writes, "to a single one of your executive committee that you had anything to do about the fact that an American author and member of the League had been arrested and thrown into jail for attempting to read the Constitution of his country on private property with the written permission of the owner?" Let me note incidentally that nothing could be more American than the episode to which Upton Sinclair thus refers. He was the hero of it. Our country is the paradise of the administrative official with a propensity to arbitrary executive action.

Upton Sinclair says he does not fear jail. He seems to think a jury will acquit him of crime although he did read the Constitution in these circumstances. I fear that Upton Sinclair reckons without the technicalities of the legal jargon applicable to his indiscretion. American legal decisions have been rendered positively mediæval in their resemblance to astrology through the medium of first degrees of this and second degrees of that, to say nothing of unlawful assemblies and statutes relating to conspiracy.

I am afraid Upton Sinclair will find that at a trial in court his own side of the case will become irrelevant through the technicalities of legal procedure. The judge and the prosecution may insist that the law of conspiracy forbids consideration of such purely incidental details as the written permission of an owner, freedom of speech, Constitution and rights. Clergymen of blameless lives have been arrested in New York State for reading the Bible in public. A court has enjoined a charitable person from giving food to a hungry striker.

I hope the confidence of Upton Sinclair in his acquittal by a jury may not turn out to be reckless. I might note that I have no sympathy at all with the theories of Upton Sinclair in the field of politics, economics, sociology or religion. I think, as I believe Theodore Dreiser thinks, that our social system is delightful as it is. I am also glad to find from one of Upton Sinclair's books that college professors are kicked about by railway-directors and openly scolded by the widows of public benefactors. In view of the decay of classical education—for which I hold college professors responsible—these pedants ought to be kicked about.

Although I am so opposed to all the teachings of Upton Sinclair, I read with a thrill everything that he writes. No paradise would mean anything to me unless it were supplied with a full set of the writings of Upton Sinclair. What a style he has! With what a blaze of genius he glorifies his own misapprehension of the age he lives in! It is all in that inimitable Upton Sinclair touch. I have rolled over and over on the floor in my struggles to keep from laughing at Nicholas Murray Butler-the Nicholas Murray Butler one encounters in the works of Upton Sinclair. I wonder if there exists on the planet any such person as he who, in the writings of Upton Sinclair, is referred to by the name of Nicholas Murray Butler. Whenever I am so melancholy as to think only of suicide I exhilarate myself with this reflection: "The Nicholas Murray Butler of Upton Sinclair exists!" Then my heart goes dancing with the daffodils.

Now, if we look carefully into the complaint of Upton Sinclair against the Authors' League of America, we shall find that it amounts to a charge of lack of courage. Courage! In its true sense, that is the rarest of human traits, the most tremendous of human qualities. The possessor of courage in the spiritualized sense of the term may stand unabashed beside Paul the Apostle himself. Men of the

loftiest genius have lacked courage. It is amazing to reflect how wonderful a man may be in his achievement on the artistic plane and yet how contemptible he may remain through want of courage. Our supreme disillusions are occasioned by men who at the crisis betray their lack of courage.

The most striking instance is afforded by William Wordsworth. The perfection of his workmanship in his finest sonnets, the grandeur of his famous ode and the sweetness of his lyrics do not at all prepare us for the grovelling cowardice he displayed when faced by the possibility of prosecution for an indiscreet utterance on public policy. In the ecstasy of his fear he wrote one or two letters that suffice to cover his name with an enduring infamy. Let us remember that poor William Wordsworth was a literary man. The born literary man has almost always what is known among our prize fighters as a yellow streak—an excessively yellow streak—all through him. His admirers insist that this is a streak of gold.

Now and then one finds a man whose markedly literary temperament is associated with the truest courage. Such a character is rare indeed. He is encountered a few times only in the course of a generation. He who expects the literary type as a rule to exemplify in action the courage of the hero knows nothing of the nature of the men who have given the world its great poetry and its great prose.

In his indictment of the Authors' League of America for lack of courage, therefore, Upton Sinclair is slightly unreasonable. Literary men in all ages—even great ones—have been in the category of those who were once called "sissies." Their ways have sometimes been feminine in a most amazing form of that trait; their natures were often what is called "catty"; and their indecision would invest Hamlet himself with the grimness of a positive captain of his soul.

Upton Sinclair does not understand all this. He has that most wonderful thing among men of genius—the literary temperament endowed with courage. From the hour of his birth, he was destined to go far. With him a spiritual hero arrived. This is the unsuspected secret of his vogue. What he says is irresistible as style, killing as humour, inimitable as prose; and the courage with which he says it often blinds us to the sheer fatuity of it all. Upton Sinclair enjoys the further advantage that the champions of things American contrive to make things American look as sinister as things English looked when subjected to the eulogies of Mr. Pecksniff.

Not realizing the true nature of the difference between himself and the average writer, Upton Sinclair is bewildered by the Authors' League. From the point of view of the League, Upton Sinclair is complaining that it does not assume the functions of Don Quixote.

Don Quixote, could we imagine him in the guise of a modern American writer, would be getting upon his steed, and setting forth in defence of a lady in distress all over again if the Authors' League took Upton Sinclair seriously. As for "the creator of new spiritual impulses," about whom Upton Sinclair writes so acidly, such an adventurer into the ideal would not rise to the level of Don Quixote in the estimation of the average reader of the short stories that are "popular." Writers of "popular" short stories are seldom permitted to establish in their readers a mood of sympathy for the creator of new spiritual impulses.

All this should be understood if we are to get an explanation of the average American writer's attitude towards the awful plight of the German portion of mankind. The average American writer to begin with does not know any German. His ideas of things German are likeliest to come to him from sources that are mainly French or British.

Courage on all planes, physical as well as spiritual, is essential in the American writer who would do justice at this moment to the cause of Germany. For that reason, I am firmly persuaded that Upton Sinclair himself will in due time crown the edifice of his fame with a study of the Brass Check that misled the world's wealthiest republic into the longest of all its goose-steps—the disarmament of the German people in the face of an ungenerous and unscrupulous foe.

In the meantime, let us hope Upton Sinclair will not berate the temperament that is literary for displaying a lack of courage that was sufficiently conspicuous in William Wordsworth himself.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

#### FROM A LETTER.

". . . and no amount of speculation will give you an idea of civil war. The fact here related may serve as an illustration of what civil war means. For me personally, however, I am frank to say, the telling of the story is a sort of relief. I have not been able to tell it to anybody at home. If it were not that you lived on the other side of the ocean, I would not confess even to you.

"Well, it happened in those days when we retreated before the Whites. You may know that I was detailed to a
Red army regiment as political representative. I knew
little about military affairs, but the morale of the army
was entrusted to our care. In those spring days of 1919,
the morale of our section was very low. We suffered one
defeat after another. The enemy seemed to know our
positions in all detail. His artillery had wiped out many
of our units. He pursued us incessantly and with obvious
assurance.

"A civilian was apprehended by one of our outposts. According to the Red soldier, the man had behaved strangely. He had hidden in the underbrush of the forest, crawling on all fours. When seized, he seemed at first to be shocked, almost speechless, then he attempted to bribe the captor. Later, however, he asserted that he was a Communist escaping from the White region.

"A court martial was immediately convoked. I was the chairman. The man had in the meantime regained his balance. His papers seemed to be in perfect order. He produced them from between the two leather pieces of the double sole of his boot where he had hidden them, he said, to avoid detection by the Whites. They were credentials from the Communist Province Committee of Tambov, stating that he was a comrade. The prisoner said he intended to go north. The man seemed to be a fugitive from places where Communists were being summarily shot. He was not the only one to attempt an escape. Members of the court asked him several questions concerning Tambov, and he answered them satisfactorily. As to his attempted bribery, he explained that at first he thought he had fallen into the hands of the Whites. More than once, he said, bribery had saved his life when he had crossed the White lines.

"The Court seemed favourable to the captive. As for myself, I laboured under a disquieting impression. I felt that I knew the man. Moreover, I felt that I knew him well. For the moment I could not place him, but I knew that he was in a strange way very close to me. Finally, when after one of the questions his left eyebrow twitched in a peculiar way, it flashed through my mind, 'Why this is Arkady Chramov!'

"You may not know that Arkady Chramov was a kind of leader among the Social-Revolutionists. In former years I had known him very well. In 1901 we had made our first acquaintance as students at the Kiev University. In 1904 we spent one year in the same Lukianovsky prison,

though in different cells. In 1907 he came as an exile to the same Siberian village where I was spending my term. We met nearly every day during the following three years of exile. I had not seen him since 1910, but had heard that in 1917 he became one of Kerensky's henchmen, and after the ascendancy of the Soviets, had revealed himself as a bitter enemy of the new regime. He was one of the first to join the Whites openly. His articles in the reactionary press attracted a good deal of attention because of their venom. He had finally become quite a figure in the camp of the counter-revolution. His name was used to prove that the Whites embraced not only monarchists but 'real' revolutionaries as well.

"Here he stood before me now, an old friend, a schoolmate. There could be no doubt that he was spying on the Red army, perhaps he was travelling on a secret mission to the very heart of our Republic (internal insurrections were then not uncommon). Nobody knew him. I was the only one to hold his fate in my hands. He was an old friend of many years standing.

"There was a recess in the court session. The comrades went for lunch. I ordered the sentry out and, alone with the captive, faced him squarely saying:

"'You are Arkady Chramov.'

"I am not a writer, but I wish I could describe to you the effect of my words on the man. He cringed as if under a heavy blow, then he gasped for breath; his eyebrows twitched pitiably; a paleness finally made his face ashen. He recognized me. We looked at each other. He shivered. I knew that trait of his. He was a frail man and every emotion made him shiver. In the old Siberian days he could never get warm enough. Sometimes I nursed him for weeks when he had his fits of cold. He said more than once that if it had not been for me he would not have survived.

"I said: 'You are spying on us.'

"He clutched my hands with his pale thin fingers. How well I knew those fingers! 'You will not betray me?' he said feverishly, with that babyish opening of his mouth.

"How strange that a man does not change at all! He had this same babyish mouth in his delirium when the snowstorm howled around his cabin and I kept vigil, drying his forehead and listening to the incessant murmur of his inflamed lips: 'Mother! Mother!' He stood before me now and, to tell the truth, at first I forgot what he actually was. I felt the man, the human being; I was almost glad to see him. How can one account for such feelings?

"He said: 'You will let me go, won't you? You will not tell who I am? You will let me go?' Again this strange manner of his! He was obstinate. He could repeat one phrase a number of times with growing emphasis. This manner always irritated me. It was a sign of weakness.

"I said in the old domineering way: 'Stop it. You know we can not let you go.'

"He opened his eyes wide, blue, moist eyes, full of terror. He seemed to have realized for the first time the actual situation.

"I can not go on telling you details. First, I have only a confused memory of their sequence, second, I can not describe them all. Suffice it to be said that the man was not brave. He assumed the old attitude of one who puts the responsibility upon his stronger friend. He simply refused to believe I could inflict death upon him. He did not deny that he was an enemy, but 'war is war,' he said, and 'two old friends could understand each other from either side of the barricade.' At first he did not even beg. He took it for granted that I could not betray him. He called this 'betraying.' He actually smiled good-humouredly, though only once. 'What a strange situation!' he said. He then proceeded to assure me that if I let him

go he would not return to his Whites, he would sever his relations with the counter-revolution, 'upon his word of honour,' (his word of honour!) He tried to divert my attention by inquiring about my family and about mutual friends. All the time his face was ghastly pale, and his eyebrows kept up that mad twitching dance I could not stand years before. He interrupted himself by trying to tell some funny things that he had witnessed in Charkov. He was talkative, confound him! as if he knew by intuition that when he stopped he would hear the dreaded thing.

"I finally told him I had to identify him before the comrades. Something in my tone conveyed to him now the seriousness of my intention. Ah! What a scene followed! The man flung himself on my neck, the man actually embraced me, he put his cheek against my cheek and whispered into my very face: 'Brother dear, you will not kill me? Brother, dear old good strong brother, I am in your hands, you alone know me here, you have always been an example of a man to me, though I disagreed with your political views. Brother dear, you will not put me to death. I have a mother and a sister, you know my mother and my sister, they love you and they love me, and my death will be their undoing. Borya, good old boy, how can you kill your Arkady, your little weakling, as you called me, Borya dear. . . .'

"Damn him! The man humiliated himself so as to kiss my hands. He clung to me tremulously, he begged, he beseeched, he told me he loved me, he had always loved me. He recalled my youthful love for his sister. He was cunning, that fellow. Some strange beastly instinct prompted him to say just the things that would move a man most.

"I am not ashamed to confess that I had tears in my eyes. When he became hysterical and began to shout, 'I do not want to die, I do not want to die!' I felt a leaden weight pressing down upon my heart. The man was a traitor and a spy. I pitied him, and the more he humiliated himself, the more repulsive he became to me. Still there was a pain within me, a sadness beyond words. I had a vision of our army, all scattered over our huge plains, fighting for the cause, bleeding, dying in the fields, all brothers. What a grandiose picture, and how sad! And there was this fellow, criminal and victim.

"The court reconvened. I identified Chramov. The case was clear. Death. When his sentence was read, his face was a frigid mask. He seemed to have lost his mind. He stared at me without seeing.

"Five minutes later he was shot. I heard the report of the guns, and it seemed to me I heard a cry: 'Brother dear! . . .' No, it could not be. It was too far away. . . ."

Moissaye J. Olgin.

#### ART.

#### MODERN ART.

#### CUBISM: THE EARLIER YEARS.

From the moment when Ingres went back (or forward) to the Primitives from a school more fully equipped than theirs with the processes of realism, the modern period has been one of unremitting search for the truth about the relationship between nature and art. This truth is embodied in all the great works of the past, and perhaps we love a Sienese madonna better because her painter is so completely under the spell of his act of faith; probably a portrait by Rubens is only the more superb because it appears to exist for no other purpose than to tell how ravishing were the eyes, the lips and the bosom of Isabella Brandt or Helena Fourment. A later age will see that a beauti-

ful subject does not in itself make a beautiful picture, and it will not be satisfied with the vague statement that the ideas emitted concerning the subject are what count. Such a phrase applies as well to a poem as to a picture; but the two things have separate laws. Even if the essence of the picture remain as mysterious as life itself, we have at least made progress when we recognize that there is some vital force in art which is not in the outer world it portrays; and here the question arises of the means by which the force is transmitted. Innumerable men had praised the sense of form evinced by the early Italians and the sense of colour which makes the opulence of Rubens; but not until the twentieth century did painters consciously take the step, with Cubism, of accepting form and colour as the bridge which carries us from the chaos of the world of appearances to the order brought out of it by the mind.

The artists knew that the need of their time was a solution of the conflict between the claims of representation and the necessity of the æsthetic qualities which had always furnished their law; a necessity to which other men were becoming less and less sensitive because of their interest in the scientific realism that they could connect with the material achievement of the time. As long as we persist in the habit of judging pictures by their likeness to nature (that is, their likeness to a given convention of nature, one determined by a previous experience with pictures), so long do we miss their significance. Watch the dull expression on the faces of tourists who dutifully file past the old pictures in the Louvre or the Uffizi, accepting the statement of the guide-book that these are the world's masterpieces, but privately (or sometimes publicly-see Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad") maintaining that "they aren't natural." One would agree, if one were not giving aid and comfort to the opinion that there is greater naturalness in Inness and Sargent-not to mention the baser imagery which has formed the modern idea of what the world looks like. The wise Orient attained peace ages ago as regards the relationship of art and nature in painting; and the masters of the Japanese print, for example, eschewing any attempt to create an illusion of sight, went on with tranquil surety until the West forced its troubled art upon them; an art more glorious in its disquietude, we may be permitted to believe, however, than theirs in its serenity. Doubtless the appreciation of Oriental art in the nineteenth century hastened us in becoming conscious of our problem; doubtless the African art which aroused the enthusiasm of certain painters and sculptors in the first years of the twentieth century offered forms which were of great aid to us, because the negro, with his intensity of emotion and his incredible mastery of woodcarving, translates his religious awe through hard planes which elongate and intersect in a manner suggesting an escape from the tyranny of the visible, against which we were struggling.

At bottom, however, the sources of Cubism are all to be found in European art. Gleizes and Metzinger, in their book, take Courbet as their point of departure; and indeed, with his titanic affirmation of our belief in the existing world, he is one of the fundamental expounders of European thought. But, as the authors observe immediately afterward, Courbet continues some of the worst of the conventions of sight held at his time. Manet, with all his splendid courage in attacking the blackness which Courbet left in painting, was still not plunging to the essentials of the technical problem that had been raised. It was Cézanne—and to this he owes his immense importance—who saw that the reality we sought was not to be obtained by making an

eye-deceiving counterfeit of nature, but that by erecting a structure of form and colour whose intervals and harmonies repeat the rhythm that the world establishes in our brain, we produce a "truer" thing than any imitative process can pretend to. Even Cézanne, however, struggles to retain with his structure a representation of the object as seen. His last letters speak of seeing the planes slip out of place, and he is worried about it or, more likely, he is unable to find an explanation for it when writing. Can we doubt that when the old man stood before his canvas he knew that the movement which was coming into his picture was to carry the whole world with it? It is not in a tone of despair that he states that he is the primitive of the way that he has discovered. It is in the tone of triumph with which he thundered at his detractors those words which Elie Faure gathered up during a visit to Aix: "You know well that there is only one painter in Europemyself!"

The young men—those who count—continue his work. Derain, the haunter of the museums, the student of form who has consulted the Florentines, the Gothic artists and the Greeks, lays aside the brilliant colour of his fauve painting in order to investigate the properties of the contours and planes which Cézanne had endowed with an elasticity like that of steel springs. It is by the varying tension of line, and not by modelling with light and shade, that European art has always raised form to its purest expressiveness: the most unimportant descendant of Giotto gives distinction to form as long as he retains something of the master's sense of contour; whereas modelling with chiaroscuro, among the followers of Rembrandt, sinks to a mere trick of producing illusion, when the spirit of the old seer no longer animates it.

Before starting on the perilous adventure of departing from naturalism farther than ever was done before, painting strengthens its hold on its most efficient tool for dealing with form. Intent on giving to the objects in his pictures a maximum of existence, Derain found that he could force the planes at a centre of vision to greater intensity by weakening, and finally effacing, some passage in the scene to which little or no interest attached. This is the momentous step, similar in direction and in boldness to that of Paolo Uccello when he discovered that to represent the course of parallel lines to the horizon, he must make them approach one another, which, in the mind, they do, and in nature—by their very definition—never do. For a time, with Uccello's great pupil, Piero della Francesca, the discovery of perspective still served artistic purposes; since then it has been hardened into a scientific formula which few painters have been able to put to expressive use.

But there was much use for the interpenetrating forms that now appear in painting; the world needed them in order to deal with one of its oldest problems, that of representing simultaneously those aspects of a subject which may be seen only at different moments of time or from different viewpoints. For example, there is a Signorelli, depicting the Magdalen and the disciples finding the tomb of the Saviour empty, and also-in the same landscape and without the slightest demarcation of the two scenes—the Magdalen kneeling before the risen Christ. It was such "childish ignorance" of the fact that a person can not be in two places at the same time which earned for Signorelli, and the numberless painters who did this and similar things, the epithet of primitives. After we had come to appreciate the spiritual grandeur of these men and their extraordinary control of the æsthetic qualities, we realized also that the "naïve" conception I have described came from an eternal need within us to retain the continuity of experience—which the Egyptian rendered by the seeming infinite of his form, which a Gothic cathedral offers in the unity running from the great structural lines through to the tiniest detail, and which Rembrandt gives when he makes his light and shadow only merging aspects of the existence of the object in space.

At this point appears the rôle of the "French Rembrandt," as Odilon Redon has so charmingly been called by certain Dutch writers. All the younger artists had studied him, and while some had carried into their work the exotic colour of his painting, Picasso—who marks the next step in the central evolution of our time—takes the older master at his word when he says that the plane of the picture is not in the outer world of appearances but in the mind of the artist. This being so, Signorelli was not so naïve after all when he showed the same personage twice in the same scene; for as the sacred story unrolled before his mind, its phases were not separate pictures such as we get when we stop the film of a cinematograph: the essence of the subject was in the totality of its images, which he rendered according to the convention of his time. In our time, the convention (referred to as "nature," following our inveterate habit) required the selection of a single standpoint and a single vanishing-point, as if we were seeing the subject with the photographer's head-rest gently keeping us from turning away to get a side or rear view of the scene.

Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque decided at about the same moment that they had had their heads held in the one position long enough. Our knowledge of objects depends on seeing them from different sides. Braque and Picasso paint them so; the recombination of the planes according to their importance in our interest, which I mentioned before, giving the means for relating, one with another, the phases of sight retained by memory, and also the empty spaces separating them. Once the new convention has lost its look of queerness, we see that its two elements are—as in all art—reality (the existence of things before the mind) and æsthetic rightness. "There is nothing outside of the classics," as Renoir once said in a conversation. "To please a pupil, and were he a prince, a musician could not add another note to the scale; he must always return to the first, an octave higher or lower. In art, it is the same thing. Only, one must know how to recognize the classic, which looks different at different times. Poussin was a classic, but le père Corot was a classic too." Yesterday it was Renoir himself, a noble and joyous classic; and to-day (I am aware that this is mere assertion, but where is there proof in matters of art-unless we have time to await the verdict of posterity and can accept that as proof?), the classic line has been carried on by these men who have found the Cubistic formula for expressing the relation of the thing as seen to the thing as known.

It is this which differentiates Picasso and Braque, and those who join them in their efforts, from decorators, men evolving designs to apply to textiles, for instance. The decorator's pattern has its value, but it takes from the things of the world all their significance; and these are too wonderful to be used in such fashion in the discussion of them which it is the painter's business to give us. He may accept as little or as much of appearances as he pleases, he may keep his statement within the few essentials set down by a Byzantine painter or extend it to the completeness of a Velazquez. But there are limits of representation

beyond which he never passes. As Kant showed that we never can know the thing-in-itself, but only the thing as it is affected by time and space, so the painter never reaches that abstraction we speak of as nature but is enclosed within the boundaries of his perception.

What is essential to us is that his work render the things he has perceived, that it be free from mere repetition of the findings of other men. In a Cubistic picture, when objects appear and disappear as images do in moving before the mind, an instant of sharply outlined detail being succeeded by a dissipation of the · form—the seeming emptiness being filled with other forms, which in turn become distinct,—the painter is setting down for us a record of experience. Any object will serve him as the starting-point of the microcosm within the four walls of the picture-frame: now it is the curious outlines of a violin which release the current of images, now it is a human being, now bottles and newspapers on a table. In the earlier years of Cubism there will still be flashes of direct reference to things, or parts of things, standing out in the starkest relief. There is still a sense of the picture's being based on the seen world when, for a time, the painters succeed in banishing every recognizable object. "Isn't that just what must happen in the minds of the in-" asks some one. No, that can not be right. The world has never gone to school to the insane, but it has gone to school to the Cubists. Even some of the older artists have accepted a partial influence from them: as for the younger generation, it counts by thousands the men who have worked in the Cubistic manner or with the forms derived from it.

WALTER PACH.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

#### THE NEW POLITICAL PARTY.

Sirs: Inspired by those eminent statesmen, Nicholas Murray Butler and Mr. Frank A. Munsey, who have suggested the formation of two new political parties, one to be composed of conservatives and near-liberals, and the other of destructive radicals who don't know just what they want but hope they won't get it, I suggest that the *Freeman* decide to organize a party of its own. To that end it could adopt a platform of immutable principles on which it might confidently appeal to all the good-looking people of America. Dr. Butler and Mr. Munsey can have the plain people.

We hold it to be self-evident that when the laws and institutions of America no longer suit a majority of Americans, the people should be changed.

The basis of all properly-constituted government is the ability of the governing classes to get office.

Politicians know far more about running the industrial, commercial, transportation and financial interests of the United States than do the unimportant people who merely own and manage them.

Money being the root of all evil, it is the duty of government to encourage virtue by taking from its subjects the incentive to wrong-doing.

The promotion of industry and thrift is the chief purpose of government. To that end there should be imposed on all business heavy taxes that will make the people work harder, and save more to meet their tax-bills.

Everybody in the ideal State shall be free to do as he pleases. Those who won't, shall be made to.

The production and distribution of wealth shall be conducted under rules prescribed by the Talking Delegates of the American Federation of Jawsmiths.

Any person found engaged in useful industry shall be regulated by a government Board or Commission.

Railway freight-and-passenger-rates shall be reduced fifty per cent; wages of railway-employees shall be increased fifty per cent.

All persons, not members of the Anti-Saloon League, who

believe that the Volstead Law is being enforced, shall be fined eight dollars and thirty-five cents.

Publicists, statesmen and editors who think that there are only two kinds of people, shall be given foreign appointments—the foreigner the better. I am, etc.,

New York City.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

#### CONCERNING M. DE CUREL'S PLAY.

SIRS: Yesterday I read in a Paris daily paper that the German propaganda has organized a campaign in the Latin-American countries against François de Curel's play, "Terre Inhumaine." It would seem that on the eve of the first performance of this play in Mexico City placards were put about which attacked the play in violent terms. One of the principal Mexican papers, replying to this attack, pointed out that the play is not chauvinistic in the least and might as easily be played in Berlin as in Paris. The article in the Paris paper concludes:

"What proves that the success [in Latin-America] of Francois de Curel's play displeases the Germans is the fact that certain biased articles have appeared in the pro-German press of New York, where 'Terre Inhumaine' is to be given soon in a translation, advising the American public to boycott 'this disgusting play.'"

Articles directed against German propaganda in foreign countries have frequently appeared in the French press of late. It is hard to say how much credit should be given to this one. As the Mexican paper, the *Informacion*, is cited by name, no doubt that part of the article is trustworthy. As I wrote favourably of "Terre Inhumaine" in a review of the French stage which you published some months ago, I shall be glad if you will allow me to say a little more about the play in view of the alleged campaign against it in America.

It was not very willingly that I went to see "Terre Inhumaine." I had been told rather vaguely its subject. Although M. de Curel's past seemed a guarantee that he could never write down to the passions of the mob, I thought that, given the subject, he would not be able to avoid a certain amount of patrioteering, of pamphleteering. I did not think that he could make his play so objective as he has done. The Mexican editor is quite right when he says the play might as well be played in Berlin as in Paris. nothing in it to wound the sentiments of French or Germans. unless they have made up their minds in advance to find something. In that state a Frenchman might consider "Madame Pompadour," the German comic opera which has been running all the winter in Berlin, an insult to the history of his nation.

Considered simply as drama, which is as it ought to be considered, "Terre Inhumaine" is interesting because it deals with a melodramatic subject and yet manages very skilfully to avoid falling into melodrama. The predication is improbable, but, the subject accepted, it is worked out rationally. There is nothing "disgusting" about it, unless we are to call the Iliad disgusting. The very title of the play, "Terre Inhumaine," is an indication of the spirit in which it was written. As I remember, when the play was produced one or two of the extreme Nationalist papers in Paris complained that the Princess, the only important German character in the play, was too sympathetic. Such considerations must be put aside if we are ever to have good drama based on the events of the late war.

François de Curel is not a popular playwright. His other plays are rather arduous. His first plays, which were presented by the famous Antoine at his Théâtre Libre, had a stormy reception. I think his plays were better liked in Germany and Scandinavia than in France. Since his election to the Academy, the critics, with some exceptions, are inclined to treat his works respectfully; but he is not popular. "Terre Inhumaine" is the first of his plays which has been a real success, taking success from the point of view of a theatremanager; and the success of this play is to be ascribed not to any political tendencies in it but to its effectiveness as drama. Contrary to what one might gather from the French newspapers, there is not much chance of success for a jingo play in Paris at present. In the music-halls the jingo-

sketches fall rather flat. I have noticed that the applause for such things comes mostly from foreigners, especially from Americans of North and South America who frequent certain music-halls in large numbers.

It may be worth while to add that M. de Curel knows German and German literature very well. His family have large mining-interests near the frontier, and he was born in Lorraine and has lived there most of his time. It is not unlikely even that he knew some German princesses before the war. Any critic, therefore, who is sharpening his pen to go for "Terre Inhumaine," and intends to say that the author does not know what he is talking about, would do better to leave out that part of his diatribe.

In Germany there have lately been many complaints about the propaganda-service. People say that it dwells on the wrong things and neglects the telling thing. But I do not believe that any propaganda emanating from Germany would be so stupid as to start a campaign against a play written "above the tumult" which some Germans, who have seen it in Paris, have praised. Such a campaign, if it really exists, must be the work of those who know nothing at first hand of the Germany and France of to-day beyond what they have picked up during a few weeks trip in the summer; and these are the friends whose zeal has injured Germany times out of number since 1914. I am, etc.,

Paris.

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

#### BOOKS.

#### **GUIDE-BOOKS.**

Why does not somebody write a treatise on why and how we travel? There are about as many kinds of travellers, apparently, as there are uses for eggs, and each variety seems to have its own reasons for moving and its own travelling-habits. The commercial traveller, for example, pursuing his customers from city to city, eating and sleeping half of the time on trains, and reckoning the distances between "points" by the number of games of cards he can play during the "run"; the actors, musicians, and lecturers who are for ever being "jumped" from town to town by their merciless agents, catching sleep and meals meantime as catch can; the endless procession of promoters of causes and deals, invalids in search of health and workers in search of a job, politicians anxious about the election and reporters chasing the news-these and countless other humans not only travel for a purpose, but they are, as a rule, as distinguishable one from another in luggage and manner as they are likely to be in clothes. If there be added the motley host of pleasureseekers and time-killers, the exceptionally solvent people who are bored and the slender-pursed souls, God bless them, who refuse to be provincial and are eager to learn, all thrown indiscriminately together in trains and on steamers, cluttering the highways with their automobiles if they have any, piling trunks and parcels roof-high, swarming like bees from seashore to mountains and from the mountains to the sea, and scattering in their wake as much of their fifty-seven varieties of circulating medium as those who serve them can extract, it seems at times as if half the world at least were on the move and half of the remainder were engaged in keeping them going. As a matter of fact, it is very much easier to travel than to stay at home, if you have the money, because if you travel there is always a guide-book to lean upon, while if you stay at home you must usually look after yourself.

Baedeker discovered years ago that the average traveller was an intellectually indolent and spiritually unventuresome person whose natural impulses were good, but who wanted to have everything laid out for him in advance. About the only thing that he could safely be counted upon to do for himself, provision of

money aside, was to get up sufficient interest to leave home. For the rest he looked to the guide-book. He expected to be told where to go and how, where to get the best food and the best bed, how to manage all the petty annoyances of luggage, cabs, tips, and foreign exchange, and, when he had arrived, what to see and what to admire. He insisted upon being told the dimensions of things he was asked to look at, from the height of a mountain to the length of a finger on a statue, and if the best view was on the right hand instead of on the left he expected to be warned. The only subject, apparently, other than things visible, in regard to which intellectual interest could safely be presumed was history, and it pleased him to have the annals of a town briefly recounted and the birthplaces of great men pointed out. For the rest, he took what was handed to him and did as he was told. Years of experience with this kind of a world made Baedeker a past master in meeting its wishes, but he became the tutor of his world as well, the moulder and fashioner of certain of its mental habits as well as its embodied counsellor and guide. It was a costly process for the teacher, consuming time and money at an alarming rate, for everything that was described had actually to be seen, the smallest details must be patiently recorded and verified, and the faintest suspicion of advertising must be shunned; but when at last the task had been accomplished, a Baedeker guide-book became a synonym for completeness and accuracy and the model of what a traveller's vade mecum ought to be. To discover an error in Baedeker was an event; to confront an avaricious innkeeper with the price-schedule of one of those red-covered guides was more terrifying than an Englishman's threat of writing a letter to the Times.

Naturally, there was nothing for competitors to do but to copy the model. They began doing so long before the war, and they have done so since, for Baedeker, once the spasm of war-madness had passed off, quietly resumed the place of a kind of internationalized institution. The French guide-books of Hachette, multiplied in the course of time for all the regions of France and for certain other countries, are only a French version of Baedeker's specifications. The Muirheads, long the accomplished English collaborators of the Leipzig house, have constructed their "Blue Guides" on Baedeker lines. And now comes Mr. Rider with a cheerful and cordial acknowledgement of his indebtedness to the same source of inspiration, notwithstanding that the two stout volumes which he has provided for New York City and Washington have twelve times as many pages as Baedeker's "United States" allots to those cities.

It is rarely difficult to pick flaws in an American guide-book, for American cities keep on growing while the book is being printed, and a good many things are likely to rise or fall before the book is on the market. Most of the slips upon which one stumbles in Mr. Rider's pages are of this negligible character. Generally speaking, the lists of buildings and resorts and the descriptions of city quarters and streets leave little to be desired: the compiler has gone over the ground, asked questions, and set it all down where it belongs. Since the books on New York and Washington

<sup>1&</sup>quot;Rider's New York City." A Guide-book for Travellers, with 13 maps and 20 plans. Compiled under the general editorship of Fremont Rider by Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper and others. 2d edition. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1923, \$4.50 net.
"Rider's Washington." A Guide-book for Travellers, with 3 maps and 22 plans. Compiled under the general editorship of Fremont Rider by Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1922, \$2.25 net.

by Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1922, \$2.75 net.

"Rider's Bermuda." A Guide-book 'for Travellers, with 4 maps.

Compiled under the general editorship of Fremont Rider by Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1922. \$1.90

are written for foreigners as well as for Americans, and the ignorance of the one class is quite as great as that of the other, neither is entitled to sniff if something that he knows already is explained. Most Americans, for example, will not need Mr. Rider's explanation (included in the volume on New York but omitted for Washington, notwithstanding that Washington is a hotter place than New York) of the nature of an ice-cream soda, and may even be inclined to question his description of a sundae as an ice-cream soda with the soda-water left out; but the foreigner needs help. On the other hand, anybody who does not know should be grateful for the warning that the Childs restaurants are no longer pre-eminent for their low prices, that Greenwich Village tea-rooms come and go, and that two can dine cheaper than one on Chinese food if they will master the art of selection. One wonders a little at the classification of the World's Work and System as "business periodicals," and the New Republic is not easily recognized at first as a weekly "with a strong feminist and radical trend," but it is gratifying to know that the McAlpin Hotel possesses "a fully equipped hospital physician and graduate nurse."

These are minor matters, however. The really serious criticism of the volume on New York is that it is incomplete. The sections relating to Yonkers and Newark which appeared in the first edition have been omitted, there is no account of the Borough of Queens, and the whole suburban area is passed over. The reason for these omissions, we are told, was the desire to keep down the size of the book and hasten early publication, but the lopping off of one of the city's component parts seems a curious operation, and most visitors to New York do not stop their explorations at the city line.

No guide-book description of Washington can make our national capital beautiful, and one good look along Pennsylvania Avenue is enough to dampen the enthusiasm of the hardiest traveller. Such as it is, however, the city must be described, and the more because a surprising number of the structures which dot its dreary wastes of mongrel streets are happily of interest for what they contain even when the outer form is ugliness itself. Mr. Rider painstakingly and skilfully catalogues everything that there is to see, and since his survey embraces the Virginian suburbs of Mount Vernon and Alexandria, the visitor has all that he can need within the two covers. There is an air of finish about the volume on Bermuda which its companions lack. Perhaps it is because Bermuda possesses, as New York and Washington do not, the quality of charm; perhaps it is because an island area has no suburbs and does not grow; but the book on Bermuda has the real Baedeker "feel."

Mr. Rider's books answer very practically one of the questions which was suggested at the beginning, namely: how we travel, or at least how we may travel if we choose. To the question why we travel their answer is not so clear. One who turns their pages is likely to gather the impression that the average visitor to New York or Washington wants to know rather more than the Baedeker tourist wants to know about local history, and will be interested in having the sites and scenes of former events constantly recalled to him in his wanderings. We would gladly think that this were so, and that the traveller who begins the ascent of Fifth Avenue, where, as the guide-book warns him, "the showily-dressed women, perfectly tailored men, and prize dogs, on foot and in automobiles, are well worth seeing," will not be content with

being whisked along so rapidly that he can not also read about the places where the Misses Green kept their School for Girls, where Thomas Bailey Aldrich once occupied a third-floor back, or where the Spingler market-garden farm once spread its fruitful acres. Yet it is a melancholy reflection that the march of "business" tends to obliterate every vestige of the simpler and more humane life which it displaces, and that without a guide-book there would hardly survive either the memory or the name. We heartily commend the Rider. guides for the information that they contain and the help that they will give, but we commend the guidebook for New York particularly as a test of the imagination, for the contrast between New York as it is and New York as it was is too appalling to be visualized save by the combined efforts of mind and soul.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

#### DREAMS AND POLITICS.

FREUD's interpretation of our dream-adventures has put an end to one of the favourite conversational excursions of certain tiresome acquaintances, and many who were little interested in his theories were grateful to him for rendering the dream a dangerous topic for polite tabletalk. However, if Dr. W. H. R. Rivers's less subterranean interpretation of our sleeping fantasies is generally accepted, the suppressed sport may easily have a revival; for he maintains, in his "Conflict and Dream," that the dream is not inevitably a wish-fulfilment based on some sexual repression, but a process that solves, or attempts to solve, some recent conflict of waking life. As readers of his book on "Instinct and the Unconscious" will recall, he accepts the importance of the conflict of social factors with the sexual instinct in producing the psychoneuroses of civil life, but thinks that in the psychoneuroses of war, or hazardous occupations, the basis of the conflict is to be found in the instinct of self-preservation. This same distinction he believes also applies to the source of the conflict in dreams.

The great change that has come about in the attitude of psychologists towards the dream, Dr. Rivers attributes wholly to Freud's work. While, however, he fully acknowledges this as the basis of his own investigation of the subject, his book will undoubtedly prove irritating to the rigid Freudian evangelists, for he takes exception to many of their deductions. On the other hand, he unequivocally accepts the importance of the latent content, or hidden meaning of the dream, and states explicitly that merely referring the dream to incidents and associations in the dreamer's waking life does not offer an adequate explanation of this phenomenon which has interested laymen and philosophers for centuries.

Throughout his book he discusses the dream as a solution or attempted solution of a recent conflict of waking life, but he admits that the dream may be considered as determined either by a wish or a conflict. His objection to the Freudian formula is not that the dream is determined by a wish, but that it is the fulfilment of a wish. For Dr. Rivers maintains that in many dreams the wish is not fulfilled but actually frustrated, and he offers the hypothesis that the degree of affect produced depends upon the success or failure of the dream-solution of the conflict.

Dr. Rivers doubts that psychology should have methods that would place it in a category apart from all other sciences, and he feels that those which Freud sometimes employs would reduce any other science to an absurdity. This criticism of method he applies to various aspects of

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> "Conflict and Dream." "Psychology and Politics." W. H. R. Rivers. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$3.75 each.

the psycho-analytic technique of dream-interpretation, notably in the use of free association, and in the interpretation of the elements of dream by their opposites. Similarly he questions the attitude of the entire psychoanalytical school on the universality of symbols. Although conceding that there is an extensive agreement in the use of certain objects as symbols of other objects, he thinks that there is not sufficient evidence that this association is either innate or transmitted by inheritance, and he therefore doubts the acceptability of any such state as the "collective unconscious" of Jung. In fact, one feels that Dr. Rivers's most fundamental criticism of the psychoanalytical school is that it fails, from his point of view, to distinguish between that which is admissible as a working hypothesis for diagnosis and therapeutic treatment, and that which is acceptable as a conclusion in the scientific study of the dream.

While Dr. Rivers disagrees with many of Freud's deductions, his book on "Conflict and Dream" offers a very readable approach to the further study of psycho-analytic literature. For though there are many phases of the subject which he does not go into, whatever he touches upon he handles in an inquiring and suggestive manner. He has an unusual capacity for succinct statement and the logical presentation of difficult material. Unlike various writers on this subject, he seems less interested in proving Freud or anyone else wrong than in analysing and clarifying certain matters which to him have appeared confused or not well grounded. He always maintains a detached and inquiring attitude, and a hypothesis remains for him a hypothesis; he suggests and submits rather than affirms. He is a searcher after truth who withholds final judgment. He is never the evangelist or propagandist who is certain that he has captured the ultimate word for all time.

This same spirit pervades the collection of lectures and articles which have just been posthumously published under the title of "Psychology and Politics." For many years Dr. Rivers had advocated a closer integration of ethnology and psychology, and his application to the group of the psychological laws which motivate the individual is a natural corollary of all his earlier work. His studies have led him to the conclusion that in group-behaviour as in individual behaviour a far greater importance must be accorded to instinctive and unconscious motivations than was formerly supposed. Consequently leadership and the symbolic emotional appeal are potent factors in directing mass action. He maintains, however, that repression is as ineffective a solution for the group as for the individual: if a higher level of group-functioning is to be achieved, political reformers and educators must concern themselves with fundamental causes and no longer be content to treat mere surface symptoms. Instincts take their revenge even though they disappear beneath the surface for a time; repressed evils temporarily submerged will break forth in some other form. Revolution is thus the social counterpart of the individual nightmare. Although he did not minimize the inherent difficulties of the task, Dr. Rivers apparently had a deep conviction that scientific methods might be applied to the solution of political problems. This volume should prove salutary reading for those who place their hope for social regeneration in repressive legislation.

FOLA LA FOLLETTE.

#### WARMED-OVER FICTION.

Numerous handbooks tell us how we shall eat, drink, be clothed, entertain and be entertained with the minimum of social solecism. The time seems to be ripe for the addition of a correct manual on æsthetic emotion. The book would fittingly be illustrated with cuts featuring tourist-groups confronted by such challenges to apprecia-

tion as St. Peter's, the Grand Canal, the Jungfrau and "Il Cenacolo." In these groups the right should be subtly mingled with the wrong attitudes, and the whole underlined with the now familiar caption, "What is Wrong with This Picture?"

For the quite ineluctable chapter on Rome, Mr. Percy Lubbock suggests himself as the expert designated. His attitude towards the Eternal City, as it is revealed in "Roman Pictures," is so soundly traditional, so devoid of any lapse into heterodoxy or originality, that it is hard to see how his claim should be overlooked. To begin with, he seems, with such disparate minds as those of Marion Crawford, Henry James and Monsignor Benson, to share the accepted sentiment that the charm of Rome to-day, as her walls in the past, belongs, by prescriptive right, to anyone who cares to conquer it, and that her true aspects wait on northern pilgrims who view them with the wall of the Alps over their shoulder. The action of her secular rulers, who have snatched her from her true orbit of universality, to make her, with such unavoidable sequelæ as sanitation and the provision of decent dwellings for her inhabitants, the capital of an overtaxed and rather erratic nation, fills Mr. Lubbock with just the right amount of tender regret. Happily the view of these nationals themselves, these wilful custodians of crumbling grandeur, whom I have heard declare, with oaths, that Italy was done once and for all with being "the peepshow of the world," is not allowed to embitter the question. It is of the very essence of Mr. Lubbock's cleverly-written compendium that the immortal city should be viewed for us through the eyes of its foreign colony.

Through this foreign colony Mr. Lubbock wanders, or perhaps it would be more apt to say, climbs, with a gradual social ascension that leaves him at last, in a kind of apotheosis, under the tarnished cinquecento ceiling of a veritable Marchesa, of the blackest of black Roman society. Its components form a truly representative group, none the less delightful and vividly redrawn because they are such familiar figures. Mr. Lubbock is a critic of note, and the author of an erudite handbook called "The Craft of Fiction." I can not resist a suspicion that almost amounts to certainty, on finishing "Roman Pictures," that the book was first conceived by him as an essay on "Rome in Nineteenth-Century Fiction," and only converted into fictional form under pressure from astute publishers. I can almost imagine him, with its final proofs in his hand, calling a roll to assure himself that no accredited passenger in his reminiscent day-coach has failed to show his or her ticket and taken the first, second or third-class seat that the strip of pasteboard called for. We seem to have them all: the generous and condescending patron of seedy bohemians; the principessa from Chicago, fine flower of oil or steel, in her hard perfection and absolute expatriation; the sweeter, more wistful exile of ancient English Catholic blood; the dishevelled professor; the worldly cleric, tight of lip and ransacking of eye, who knows the Vatican as a rabbit its burrow; the bright but tired little authoress, with her insecure footing in the great world of Rome; the beautiful young Count, unimaginable Borgian profundities coiling under his impassive and courteous mask; and the Great Fraud himself, who furnishes a luxurious studio by painting specious pictures of pifferari and capitalizing his personal reminiscences of "the Brownings."

To say that we have encountered them all is not to say that we are not glad (for this time, on the old ground, and with Mr. Lubbock for guide) to meet them again. Nevertheless, this innovation of ransacking fictional literature of its types to make fresh fiction again is one which it is im-

<sup>1&#</sup>x27;'Roman Pictures." Percy Lubbock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

possible to regard without misgivings. It might so easily fall into less competent and honourable hands than those of Sir Harry Johnston or Mr. Percy Lubbock. The latter, indeed, almost confesses his debt and disarms criticism by intimating that the ghost of poor Roderick Hudson is, for him, as authentic a "civis Romanus" as that of-shall we say, Caracalla? But while historical figures remain common property, a certain definiteness, it seems, ought to attach to those born of the act of fictional creation. To find them, however cleverly travestied, astray from the covers we thought their abiding home, fills the book-lover, for whom the rules of the game are an obsession, with something approaching dismay.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

#### OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS.

WHEN the pioneers of 1849 had surmounted the last barrier of the Sierras, and had emerged on the coastland of California and Oregon, their material success, which was monstrously complete, was about to be balanced by as complete a spiritual failure as history has ever recorded. The covered wagons which had carried them for two thousand miles, drew up to their destination, but neither Phidias, Æschylus nor Socrates emerged from under the hoopstretched canvas; nor did the Golden Gate or the Willamette Valley see another Parthenon arise. The fact that the final and the greatest of American migrations failed to produce any artists adequate to record it, is one of the supreme tragedies of human history. It is not that the California pioneers lacked imagination; but they suffered, I suspect, from the sin which the historic Greeks called hybris, the sin of overweening self-assertion in the face of blind destiny. The Greeks knew perfectly well the consequences of that sin. Their own early settlers, too, had been warriors, raiders, conquerors; but they had soon discovered that it was necessary to come to terms, not with the primitive Pelasgian inhabitants, but with the crude native gods whom they sought to displace by their own finer Olympian deities. The pioneers of '49 had no conception that anything else could ever be necessary to man in the matter of his religion except the Bible as interpreted by the Baptist or Methodist or Presbyterian sect. They did not see that what opposed the "prairie schooners" was not Indian tribes, but the Wind-Spirit, the Rain-God, the Thunder-Bird in person. A few pagan sacrifices, an occasional relaxation of the spirit of self-denial, were all that these demanded; but there was no answer from those grimly-silent ranks of bearded, slouch-hatted men and hatchet-faced, sun-bonneted women. And lo! when the covered wagons had reached their goal, they were empty of all that makes the human spirit endurable; empty of art, of music, of poetry. Instead of giant successors to Whitman, to Emerson, to Melville, Hawthorne, Irving, Thoreau, the far West produced Ambrose Bierce, Bret Harte, Gelett Burgess, and finally the two poets whom I am about to discuss—George Sterling and Joaquin Miller.2

Some one in France, speaking of the luckless Villiers de l'Isle Adam, said of him that he was a Baudelaire in Britannia metal. I am tempted in my turn to assert that Joaquin Miller was a Byron in brass, and Mr. Sterling is a Keats in cast iron, and to leave it at that. Whatever interest there may be in the works of these men, it is, at any rate, an interest that has very little to do with poetry, even poetry of the second order. Miller was, properly speaking, not a poet at all, and his best lines, which in my opinion are almost all to be found in the first, unpadded version of "Walker in Nicaragua," display no special

"Selected Poems," George Sterling, New York: Henry Holt &

Co. \$2.00.

2 "The Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

poetic qualities except a demonic energy and a terrible facility for versification. Mr. Sterling, at his best in certain sonnets, and in the overpretentious "Testimony of the Suns," is about as good as de Heredia or Fitzgerald: that is to say, a minor Frenchman or a minor Englishman. At his worst, in "A Wine of Wizardry," he is sheer drivel: "Endymion" or "The Witch of Atlas" gone to pieces. Can anyone be enthusiastic over the fact that so far these are the best poets the Far West has produced? Can anyone estimate what such a fact implies as regards the spiritual failure and the moral stagnation beyond the Sierras? When we add to such meditations the further reflection that California, which boasts of both Sterling and Miller, excluded the Japanese and strove to exclude the Chinese, what more really can be said?

It may, however, be of value to students of the causes of human phenomena to study these two failures still more closely. Miller's career, in particular, displays the most astonishing blend of charlatanism and misdirected energy; and in this respect it is typically American in spirit. Professor Sherman's cautious introduction leaves us in no doubt on this point, and the works that follow merely illuminate the facts he sets forth. Miller gravitated continually between two careers. He could never make up his mind to be either a thoroughgoing outlaw and rebel, or to accept wholeheartedly the current American dogmas of respectability. Therefore he sentimentalized about the picturesque traits of the rebels whom he knew, but was always prepared to exalt the normal side of life, whenever to do so seemed to promise immediate success. Men like Burns, Byron and Swinburne had succeeded in shocking Europe out of its complacent acceptance of life; but they had suffered deeply in their personal lives, had become outlaws, had been brought face to face with death in the process. Such men he instinctively admired, as he instinctively admired all fighters for lost causes; but when it came to joining their ranks, it meant abandoning the notion that all men are created free and equal, and that the useful citizen is the noblest work of God: it meant, indeed, cutting the ground of worldly success from underneath one's feet. His poetry consequently became the attempt to enjoy vicariously that for which he was not ready to sacrifice his own position in society, and consequently it was written without the inner spiritual conviction which is necessary to all good art. He lived long enough to patronize the heroes he worshipped. The really splendid opening lines of "Walker in Nicaragua"-

> He was a brick, let this be said Above my brave, dishonoured dead-

became the insignificant

A soldier born; let this be said Above my brave dishonoured dead;

and appear prefaced in the final version by eight stanzas mouthing vague pacifism.

The case of Mr. Sterling rests on a different basis. It is obvious that he is no victim of a craze for self-advertisement, that he has not been turned away from his early vocation by too immediate a success. Rather is his the case of an arrested mental development. His first book, "The Testimony of the Suns," contains in essence all that he has ever said since. He is one of those unfortunate beings who early become aware of the thought that man is quite probably an insignificant and contemptible accident in the cosmic process of the universe. He has never been able to comfort himself with the thought that even if human life matters nothing whatever to the indifferent and changeless gods, it is for us to make it matter a good deal to ourselves. He has become the victim of his own corroding scepticism, a scepticism common enough in our

modern industrial and competitive democracies-a scepticism which is in itself a symptom of that disease which has been eating at the vitals of the world since the beginning of the nineteenth century. "The Testimony of the Suns," which still remains after twenty years his chief contribution to American poetry, is, despite its toopompous verbalism, a noble and inspiring achievement, utterly defeating its own ends. It sets out to preach negation, the vanity of human effort, the uselessness of human life. But it convinces us exactly of the contrary. If life is the vain illusion that Mr. Sterling would persuade us it is, then we have only to struggle a little harder, that is all. We have but one task before us, to make our illusions divinely perfect by sacrificing mind, heart and soul to the cause, not of the gods, but of mankind. This, which Keats saw, Mr. Sterling can not see, and therefore he has remained purblind—a versifier lavishing his craft on subjects beneath the dignity of a true poet.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

#### THE REVIEWER LOOKS AT THE DOCTOR.

There is a story that is familiar to most people about a treatise on the elephant and four men who were each asked to write it—an Englishman, a Frenchman, a Pole, and a German. The Frenchman went to the nearest zoo, sought out the elephant, looked him over, patted his trunk, and went home and wrote his treatise. The Englishman packed his belongings, went to the native habitat of the elephant, rode with him, ate with him, and then went home and wrote his treatise. The Pole did not bother about looking up an elephant, but sat down and wrote a treatise on "The Elephant and the Polish Question." The German shut himself up in his study, and evolved the elephant from his inner consciousness.

These four methods of dealing with the elephant Doctor Collins applies to literature, and the results surpass one's wildest imaginings. When he thinks he has to go deeply into a writer as in Joyce, for instance, he employs all four methods. When he is merely touching on the subject, as for instance with Duhamel, he applies one method-in this case the method of the Englishman-he approaches the creature in his habitat. When he feels a little baffled, as he rarely does, he unites the methods of the Frenchman and the German, looks the creature over, and evolves the rest from his inner consciousness. He takes many of the best-known writers of to-day, particularly those who are noted for any special peculiarity, and discusses them in this book' which the Doran Company, with a truly reckless courage, has published. Fortune favours the brave, and on the whole it seems to have favoured the author and publisher of "The Doctor Looks at Literature," for I have seen nothing but the most flattering reviews of it.

Literature and literary criticism, as publisher and author seem to believe, do not belong to the exact sciences; therefore one can risk a great deal. It will surprise Doctor Collins to hear that literature and language are a lot more exact than he suspects; in fact, ignorance or knowledge, when it comes to criticism such as the Doctor essays, have a shocking habit of betraying themselves. The Doctor, however, has a fine, flashing mastery of the current critical vocabulary, knows something about psychoanalysis, and is in possession of a not too eclectic collection of words and phrases in that line.

The chapter on Marcel Proust gives the best example of the combined methods of the Frenchman and the German with regard to the elephant: he looks the author and his work over and then evolves the rest from his inner consciousness, including the grammar of the French language. He opens in fine, slap-dash style: "Marcel Proust:

1 "The Doctor Looks at Literature." Joseph Collins. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$3.00.

Master psychologist and Pilot of the 'vraie vie' . . Marcel Proust may justly be hailed as the greatest psychological novelist of his time. . . . It is not likely that he will ever have a popularity comparable to Balzac or even to Bourget, Barbusse. . . ." This is a fine example of the Doctor's method of criticism-comparing an author for something to any other unrelated author or collection of authors whose names come into his head at the moment, and whose only connexion with one another is that their names begin with the same letter. He is very strong on identifying authors with their own creations; he proceeds at once to identify M. Proust with two of his characters-a most dangerous proceeding unless one has an actual basis of fact to go on. I am dubious concerning the information the Doctor is fond of handing out about the personal lives of his writers. Where, for example, did he get all that information about James Joyce which he gives as gospel fact? And what grounds has he for the statement that Ellen Melville "is what Rebecca West once was and wished to be," and for statements of a like kind that are everywhere scattered through the book?

He gives a few details of the life of Proust, and then a résumé of "Du Côté de Chez Swann," with some random passages from the book that are not particularly characteristic; he indulges himself at great length in discussing the use Proust makes of taste and hearing as a means of rousing memories—a method as old as literature itself and not especially characteristic of the author he is discussing. The taste of a crumb of madeleine in tea recalls to a man his childhood in his childhood's home, with all the details in which it is immersed. The Doctor in his search for a work which has a parallel to this brings forth Locke's "On the Human Understanding"!

He proceeds to a criticism of Proust's style, remarking that "there is none of the plain, clear, sane, sunny style of a Daudet, or of a Paul Bourget. . . . This causes a sensation of discomfort at times," he says. But he is not daunted, and he dashes in heroically to translate a few pages of an untranslated book of Proust's so that, "first, the reader may have a sample of M. Proust's style; second, that he may gain an insight of the grasp the writer has of one of nature's most unsolvable riddles." In the attempt to accomplish these things for his readers the Doctor makes an assault upon the French language which is profoundly impressive. Self-confidence is his most distinctive quality, and he never consciously acknowledges defeat. He weakens for a moment before phrases like avoir beau and avoir l'air, but he manages to proceed on his conquering way by haughtily ignoring them, regardless of how the sense is affected thereby. However, he must have felt very discouraged when the pronouns resisted all his efforts to get rid of them. One really feels for him as he struggles valiantly with the pronoun leur and the possessive adjective leur. It has been said that a translation should surpass the original, but I leave it to my readers to decide what translation has surpassed the sample that I extract from Dr. Collins's pages. First, I will give the original. Marcel Proust, writing about homosexuals, says that they try to justify themselves, among other ways, by-

Allant chercher comme un médècin l'appendicite, l'inversion jusque dans l'histoire, ayant plaisir à rappeler que Socrate était l'un d'eux, comme les Israelites disent de Jesus, sans songer qu'il n'y avait pas d'anormaux quand l'homosexualité était la norme, pas d'anti-chrétiens avant le Christ.

The Doctor translates the passage in this way:

As a physician seeks the appendicitis inversion in history, they find pleasure in recalling that Socrates was one of them and that the same thing was said of Jesus by the Israelites, without remembering that then when homosexuality was normal there was no abnormality, as there were no anti-Christians before Christ.

But what Proust means is strictly this:

Like a doctor searching for appendicitis, they search even in history for examples of inversion, taking pleasure in recalling that Socrates was one of them, as the Israelites say of Jesus [meaning that he was one of them, i.e., an Israelite], without thinking that there were no abnormals when homosexuality was the norm, and no anti-Christians before Christ.

The Doctor concludes the chapter on Proust with this sentence: "The discerning reader must look intensely at M. Proust's words. If he looks long enough they seem to take on the appearance of *Mene*, *Tekel*, *Phares*." They do indeed, and pity 'tis the Doctor did not look at them long enough.

When he comes to James Joyce the Doctor really abandons his mind to his job and gives free play to his inner consciousness and his intuitions. Far be it from me to deny to a critic those flashing illuminations that are called intuitions, but sadly enough for the Doctor it happens that in criticism an intuition is simply quick thinking based on sound knowledge. It is unfortunate for him, too, that the work of James Joyce is such as to make the greatest demands on the scholarship and honesty of mind of the reviewer. Criticizing a book of Joyce's is very hard work even for critics who have devoted their lives to the study of literature. The Doctor, however, goes at it with his usual self-confidence and the consciousness of his own unique fitness for the job. He tells us that he is probably the only person except the author who has read "Ulysses" through twice from beginning to end. Why should he think so? I know at least a dozen people who have read it three or four times. Doctor Collins originally reviewed "Ulysses" for the New York Times in an article which was, in the naïveté of its ignorance, the most extraordinary article that appeared on that extraordinary book. Since he first plunged into print, however, he has gained a very slight modicum of information from the reviews of "Ulysses" that have appeared. Yet there is not anywhere in the Doctor's chapter on Joyce a glimmering of a suggestion that he understands "Ulysses" at all. There is a chapter in that book where Joyce parodies various literary styles. The Doctor plunges with his usual zest into the explanation of it all. He solemnly assures his readers that a passage written like this is a paraphrase of Holy Writ:

And whiles they spake the door of the castle was opened and there nighed them a mickle noise as of many that sat there at meat. And there came against the place as they stood a young learning knighty clept Dixon.

Some one familiar with the writing of Sir Thomas Malory, some one familiar enough with the Bible, should have prevented the Doctor from getting into print with this absurdity. Not only is he without the power of recognizing the most obvious styles in literature, but he has no ability to perceive when the writer is being ironic and humorous. He quotes seriously as an example of Joyce's "tenderness for rhythm" a delicately mocking parody of one of those translations from Middle Irish familiar enough to students of Irish literature:

In Innisfail the fair there lies a land, the land of holy Michan. There rises a watchtower beheld of men afar. There sleep the mighty dead as in life they slept, warrior and princes of high renown.

And the next quotation, more obviously a parody of the same literature, reminds him of Pater, Rabelais, William Morris, Walt Whitman and the Rev. William Sunday, the Doctor exhibiting his usual characteristic of juggling together the names of any writers which come into his head at the moment:

The figure seated on a large boulder at the foot of a round

tower was that of a broadshouldered deepchested stronglimbed frankeyed redhaired freely freckled shaggybearded widemouthed largenosed longheaded deepvoiced barekneed brawneyhanded hairylegged ruddyfaced sinewyarmed hero.

When Joyce is parodying a claptrap political speech, the Doctor thinks he is recounting "his country's former days of fame and fortune." But one could go on endlessly with exhibits from every page of the article on Joyce of the Doctor's complete incapacity to understand this writer at all. It would be a waste of time to criticize his criticisms of the other writers. However, there is one fairly sensible chapter, the one on Lawrence, in which he forgets his rôle of literary critic and is simply a neurologist, but a neurologist whose theories, in my opinion, are too extreme to be taken literally.

On anything touching his own profession the Doctor is strong for expert knowledge from writers. In speaking of Lawrence's excursion into science, "Psycho-analysis and the Unconscious," he says: "It may reasonably be expected that anyone who writes on psycho-analysis and the unconscious to-day and expects a hearing should know something about biology." And again in the very last chapter of his book he attacks with proper indignation the writer of an article entitled "Up from Insanity," which apparently contained false and ignorant statements. Now the literature of a country is at least as important as its insanity or its complexes, and it is only fair to ask for the same knowledge in writers on literature that the Doctor demands from writers on insanity and psycho-analysis. If any gentleman should come to conclusions about disease or medicine by the same methods as the Doctor uses about literature, the writer of this book would call him a quack or even a charlatan. However, as a humble practitioner of the art of book reviewing, I employ, as my readers will perceive, a chivalrous reticence in the case of the Doctor and refrain from calling him any such hard names.

MARY M. COLUM.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

A VIVID and complex panorama of life in Vienna is unfolded in Arthur Schnitzler's "The Road to the Open," made available to English readers in a translation by Horace Samuel. It is as though one were introduced into the queer circle, and permitted to share in the long discussions of politics, love and the arts, to peddle the gossip, and to observe the deft interplay of emotions which Schnitzler follows with such unerring skill and ironic dispassionateness. The story moves with a leisurely indifference to the impatience of the marathon readers of the latest fiction; the author is even less than usual concerned with plot, and the digressions into music and racial discussions are occasionally somewhat baffling, but the major theme is developed with strength and insight. Schnitzler is never more the surgeon than when he writes of love, and "The Road to the Open" is one of his most interesting "cases."

In an ironic mood, perhaps, Mr. C. Kay Scott has called "Sinbad" a romance: the story, as a matter of fact, deals with a shredding, tearing, exacerbating partnership between a man in middle life and a girl who finds in their marriage everything but the dash and unexpectedness of youth. The situation Mr. Scott portrays is no mere aimless adultery; it presents, rather, one of those deadly incompatabilities which, so far from leaving the people concerned exhausted and cold, makes them return under the stimulus of passion and common respect to a relationship that is too clumsily weighted to keep an even keel. One can not reproach Mr. Scott for making the heroine commit suicide at the end: what other cure is there for an attachment which is dishonoured in the breach and smothered in the observance? In handling his main theme, Mr. Scott has ably accomplished his ends: but

2 "Sinbad; A Romance." C. Kay Scott. New York: Thomas Seltzer. \$2.00.

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;The Road to the Open." Arthur Schnitzler. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

he has not done so well in painting Greenwich Village, the backdrop of the drama; for touches whose intention is satiric too often have the bluntness of newspaper-caricature, and they fail to slip incisively under the skin. The result is that the story and the background give two separate impressions, instead of stereoscoping into a single, vivid scene. L. C. M.

THE more one studies novels which seek to carry on the tradition of inexorable idealism that lies at the base of most of Conrad's work, the more one realizes that a stern discipline, guided by the broadest vision, is necessary for the attainment of that effect. Miss V. Sackville-West, in "Challenge," 1 has had the broad vision, but the discipline has not been present in quite the needed measure. She has assumed that, given a vivid setting, a pattern of conflicting ideals, and the tinder of passion, something very real in the way of a conflagration must inevitably ensue; and in "Challenge," she has handled these elements admirably. But she has failed to make the game quite worth the candle; the idealistic goal is painted in bright colours like a barber's pole, instead of looming on the eternal horizon. It is too conspicuous to be either quite credible or quite indispensable, and so the struggle to reach it-which provides the motive force of the narrative-diminishes in importance as it increases in violence. There is too much emotional smoke for such a blaze of political twigs. The crackle and the glow are there, but the feeling that the world would be in darkness if it were quenched—the feeling that one gets from Conrad—is palpably absent. Miss Sackville-West can do wonders with people and emotions; the more consistently she keeps to them the finer is her achievement.

VERS LIBRE is a form well-adapted for character-sketches, by preference either pathetic or ironical; the emphasis secured by the setting of what would otherwise be prose into arranged lines inevitably securing one or other of these effects. Mrs. Susan Miles has exploited this possibility, and the more meritorious half of "Annotations" is composed of short idylls, clever, competent, but neither very profound nor very graceful; the blossoming of a mediocre and bourgeois talent. One has always a feeling of irritation in reading such compositions: the lines seem to demand a little profundity to jutify them, to be waiting for it indeed; and the profundity is seldom there. The emphasis, one feels, is a false emphasis, and we are embarrassed as if we were talking with some one who habitually attaches too much importance to his words. The cutting up of the lines into irregular lengths, without something extraordinary to justify it, gives them an odd look. But, allowing, if we can, for such drawbacks, Mrs. Miles is skilful enough, having obviously learned something from the translators from the Chinese, or from those who have learned from the translators from the Chinese. She selects deliberately (and this shows tact) incidents which appear trifling, to which she gives a delicate emphasis, a significance not immediately apparent to the reader. There is no approach in her work to poetry, nor, it must be admitted, to literature; but allowing for the limitations of the vein she works, she works it competently.

The prose-tradition represented by the fifty or sixty writers in Mr. Ernest Rhys's "Modern English Essays: 1870-1920" -writers who cover the gap between Mark Pattison and Mr. Robert Lynd-is a tradition which, as one glances over its adequate record here, has at least the virtue of variety. If the writers of the eighteenth century evolved a "standard English prose," the writers of the last fifty years have clearly set their labours at naught. A medium which can alternate between the balanced, oratorical prose of Swinburne and the crisp and gnostic prose of Emerson, between Mr. Edmund Gosse's suavities and Mr. Hilaire Belloc's harlequinades, has neither the advantages nor the disadvantages of an orderly code. Except, perhaps, for a too large proportion of critical essays, Mr. Rhys has succeeded notably in making his selection representative and, on the whole, distinguished. There is a saccharine little essay on "Dream Children" by Mr. Le Gallienne and there are two of Mr. J. C. Squire's most inconsequential trifles; and it is difficult to see why writers like R. H. Hutton and Lord Bryce should be included at all. No collection need apologize for itself, however, which includes in its five volumes, respectively, Matthew Arnold's essay on "Spinoza," Mr. Birrell's essay on "Carlyle," Alice Meynell's "A Point of Biography," Mr. Chesterton's "Defence of Non-sense," and Mr. Middleton Murry's essay on "John Clare." The great days of English prose may have passed, but writing of this quality sheds some comfort on us "pale children of the latter light."

In Morris Bishop's translation of "Teodoro, the Sage," 1 all traces of an alien phraseology have been removed, but Teodoro himself appears to us without any background of associations. We must accept him as a point of view of the author personified in the historical figure of a sage; who penetrates the fog of thoughtlessly established traditions and evolves ideas that at a glance seem merely paradoxical, but upon closer examination become lucid and sane. When, however, he attempts to put his theoretically sound opinions into practice, he blunders most amusingly and is duped at every turn. He reflects upon these slight disasters good-naturedly, in novel epigrams and with ideas of real value. But the author soon tires of his pose as tolerant and charming philosopher; he is a patriot, and embittered by the turpitudes and bigotries of the great bulk of the people who in his time -the years just preceding the war-supported the old-established order of a disunited Italy because they were too lazy and stupid to desire any change. Condemnation is incompatable with the whimsical peacefulness of Teodoro's spirit. and so another character, Arcisofo, is created to express the author's hatred. A furious contempt drives the stories that follow, but with fine artistic restraint it is confined to satire, which lies not in the manner of narration, but in the structure and development of the stories. We read of a man as he is seen by others and very often by himself, and we believe this to be the truth concerning him, until, in a last vicious sentence, his real nature is revealed. We are impressed, not by the vulgarity and weakness of the people the author portrays; but by the artistic validity and force of his pictures, and by the trenchant lines of the characterizations.

M. JEAN GIRAUDOUX is a young French writer whom one is tempted to characterize as a Gallic Chesterton. In "My Friend from Limousin" he shows Mr. Chesterton's love for mystery, or at least for mystification; he manifests the same exuberant fantasy that created "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" or "The Man Who Was Thursday," and he crowns all these qualities with a malicious penetration which permits him to be kindly in his description of Germany after the war, while making a hundred incidents and institutions ridiculous. The first effect of "My Friend From Limousin" is perhaps a little bewildering, for it dazzles by its cross lights and its swift illuminations and extinctions; but for all that, it is an amusing book, and it can be cordially recommended to those who care for its English equivalent. "Suzanne and the Pacific" is a somewhat more tenuous tale; it is a French Robinson Crusoe, with a young lady from the provinces—a very observant and provocative young lady-as the heroine and narrator. At times this story has a touch of the warm, idyllic mood in which W. H. Hudson painted "Green Mansions"; but M. Giraudoux's intellectual vivacity will not permit this mood to linger; and, in the main, it is against a pasteboard Polynesia that he chooses to model his heroine's delicate sophistications in thought and behaviour. Although this, too, is an amusing story, it can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who can follow the numerous allusions that M. Giraudoux makes to French life. In short, it is not enough for the book to be translated into English; the reader needs to be translated into French.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Challenge," V. Sackville-West, New York: George H. Doran Co.

<sup>\$2.00.

2 &</sup>quot;Annotations." Susan Miles. New York: Oxford University

Press. \$1.50.

3 "Modern English Essays; 1870 to 1920." Edited by Ernest Rhys.

5 volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$6.00.

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Teodoro, the Sage." Luigi Lucatelli. Translated by Morris Bishop. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00.
2 "My Friend From Limousin." Jean Giraudoux. Translated by Louise Collier Willcox. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00.
3 "Suzanne and the Pacific." Jean Giraudoux. Translated by Ben Ray Redman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

IN time of stress, when emotional reactions are likely to subordinate pure reason for the moment, it is necessary to recall the calm opening of Webster's reply to Hayne which is familiar, of course, to all students of American history.

Crises in European countries are marked by the resignation of a Government: in the United States abrupt changes are more rare, and yet, in the memory of men not yet old, three Presidents have met sudden death and one met temporary disability while holding office. These grave occurrences brought questions of national policy and administrative procedure sharply to the notice of men and women accustomed to take the smooth progress of the Federal machinery for granted.

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